...d for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan.y 10th. 1778

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.----
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISTRESS,	PINDARIC ODES,
ODES,	ANACREONTICS,

&c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.----

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
July 29. 1779.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

THE MISTRESS:

or, ſeveral copies of

LOVE-VERSES.

------Haeret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRG. Aen. iv.

THE REQUEST.

I.

I 'AVE often wiſh'd to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the cruel Boy does ſpare,
And I a double taſk muſt bear,
Firſt to wooe him, and then a Miſtreſs too.
Come at laſt, and ſtrike for ſhame,
If thou art any thing beſides a name;
I'll think thee elſe no god to be,
But poets rather gods, who firſt created thee.

II.

I aſk not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, whate'er ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem deform'd to me,
And I would have her ſeem to others ſo.
Deſire takes wings, and ſtraight does fly,
It ſtays not dully to inquire the why.
That happy thing, a lover, grown,
I ſhall not ſee with others' eyes, ſcarce with mine own.

III.

If ſhe be coy, and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why, I'll enjoy the very love,
And make a Miſtreſs of my own deſire.
Flames their moſt vig'rous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſs'd round with cold:
So when ſharp Winter means moſt harm,
The ſpringing plants are by the ſnow itſelf kept warm.

IV.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' exceſs of heat is but a fable;
We know the Torrid Zone is now found habitable.

V.

Among the woods and foreſts thou art found,
There boars and lions thou doſt tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus men, and beaſts Diana wound.
Thou doſt the birds thy ſubjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the ſpring their ſongs doſt hear,
Make me love too, I'll ſing to thee all th' year.

VI.

What ſervice can mute fiſhes do to thee?
Yet againſt them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their ſcales;
And ſtill thy ſea-born mother lives i' th' ſea.
Doſt thou deny only to me
The no-great priv'lege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity' to me or elſe thine anger ſhow.

VII.

Come, or I'll teach the world to ſcorn that bow:
I'll teach them thouſand wholeſome arts,
Both to reſiſt and cure thy darts,
More than thy ſkilful Ovid e'er did know.
Muſic of ſighs thou ſhalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's taſteful tear:
Nay, unleſs ſoon thou woundeſt me,
My verſes ſhall not only wound, but murther thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I.

I CAME, I ſaw, and was undone;
Lightning did thro' my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A ſwift, cold trembling, ſeiz'd on ev'ry part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poiſon that was enter'd there.

II.

So a deſtroying angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it haſty death.
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch when Legion enter'd in.
Forgive me, God! I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd myſelf I was to die.

III.

But quickly, to my coſt, I found
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound:
Death a more gen'rous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe;
Whilſt Love with barb'rous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſh'd lives, to make them ſlaves.

IV.

I am thy ſlave then; let me know,
Hard Maſter! the great taſk I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In tempeſts and rough ſeas thy gallies row;
They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs increaſe the angry wind.

V.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, ſome
Thou weărieſt out in building but a tomb:
Others, with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a ſtony heart.
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar ſordid mortals take,
That my fate 's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,
If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

II.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wiſe, alone:
But if you claim o'er women too
The pow'r which over men ye do,
If you alone muſt lovers be,
For that, Sirs! you muſt pardon me.

III.

Rather than loſe what does ſo near
Concern my life and being here,
I'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you or your forefathers went:
I'll flatter or oppoſe the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I'll force my mind to arts ſo new,
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in Paradiſe did reign,
When perfect love did ſo agree
With innocence and poverty.
Adam did no jointure give,
Himſelf was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with av'rice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back to' his ſide.

V.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women that love was to be bought;
Rather dote only on your gold,
And that with greedy av'rice hold;
For if woman, too, ſubmit
To that, and ſell herſelf for it,
Fond Lover! you a Miſtreſs have
Of her that's but your fellow-ſlave.

VI.

What ſhould thoſe poets mean of old,
That made their god to wooe in gold?
Of all men, ſure, they had no cauſe
To bind Love to ſuch coſtly laws;
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow
That women ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give?

VII.

If thou, my Dear! thyſelf ſhouldſt prize,
Alas! what value would ſuffice?
The Spaniard could not do' it, tho' he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhouldſt any bargain make;
To give all will befit thee well,
But not at under-rates to ſell.

VIII.

Beſtow thy beauty, then, on me
Freely, as Nature gave it to thee;
'Tis an exploded Popiſh thought
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praiſes, are the way,
And thoſe my thankful Muſe ſhall pay;
Thy body, in my verſe enſhrin'd,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

IX.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sachariſſa's well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the laſt great aſſize,
All women ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtraight ſhall caſt their eyes on thee,
And know at firſt that thou art ſhe.

THE SPRING.

I.

Tho' you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay
The trees as beauteous are, and flow'rs as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural muſic, too,
Is as melodious and free
As if they ſung to pleaſure you.
I ſaw a roſe-bud ope this morn; I'll ſwear
The bluſhing Morning open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be ſo fair and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flow'rs ſo gay?
Could they remember but laſt year
How you did them, they you delight,
The ſprouting leaves which ſaw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the ſight,
Would, looking round for the ſame ſight in vain,
Creep back into their ſilent barks again.

III.

Where'er you walk'd trees were as rev'rend made,
As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry ſhade.
Is't poſſible they ſhould not know
What loſs of honour they ſuſtain,
That thus they ſmile and flouriſh now,
And ſtill their former pride retain?
Dull Creatures! 'tis not without cauſe that ſhe
Who fled the God of Wit was made a tree.

IV.

In ancient times, ſure, they much wiſer were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verſe to hear;
In vain did Nature bid them ſtay;
When Orpheus had his ſong begun,
They call'd their wond'ring roots away,
And bade them ſilent to him run.
How would thoſe learned trees have follow'd you?
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

V.

But who can blame them now? for, ſince you're gone,
They 're here the only fair, and ſhine alone.
You did their nat'ral rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or ſit
The thickeſt boughs could make no ſhade,
Altho' the ſun had granted it:
The faireſt flow'rs could pleaſe no more, near you,
Than painted flow'rs ſet next to them could do.

VI.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that ſhall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of puniſhments do bear,
When by their ſight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the beſt of ſeaſons with you bring;
This is for beaſts, and that for men, the Spring. 48

WRITTEN IN JUICE OF LEMON.

I.

WHILST what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, even to you, write poetry.
Ah! fooliſh Muſe! which doſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well,
How much it does thy pow'r excel,
Yet dar'ſt be read by thy juſt doom, the fire.

II.

Alas! thou think'ſt thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is innocent and pure;
Like hypocrites, which ſeem unſpotted here,
But when they ſadly come to die,
And the laſt fire their truth muſt try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

III.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, ſince thou needs muſt ſin, confeſs it too;
Confeſs it, and with humility clothe thy ſhame;
For thou, who elſe muſt burned be
An Heretic, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

IV.

But if her wiſdom grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her goodneſs to be there;

If her large mercies cruelly it reſtrain,
Be not diſcourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by love's flames read it again.

V.

Strange pow'r of Heat! thou yet doſt ſhow
Like winter earth, naked, or cloath'd with ſnow,
But as the quick'ning ſun approaching near,
The plants ariſe up by degrees,
A ſudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear;

VI.

So nothing yet in thee is ſeen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing letters ſtand in rows.

VII.

Still, ſilly Paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink.
Oh no; there's ſenſe in this, and myſtery;
Thou now may'ſt change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim,
For as ſhe reads ſhe makes the words in thee.

VIII.

Yet if thine own unworthineſs
Will ſtill that thou art mine, not her's, confeſs,

Conſume thyſelf with fire before her eyes,
And ſo her grace or pity move:
The gods, tho' beaſts they do not love,
Yet like them when they 're burnt in ſacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

Five years ago, ſays Story, I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt Inconſtant now.
Pardon me, Madam! you miſtake the man,
For I am not the ſame that I was then;
No fleſh is now the ſame 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is chang'd yourſelf may ſee.
The ſame thoughts to retain ſtill, and intents,
Were more inconſtant far; for accidents
Muſt of all things more ſtrangely' inconſtant prove,
If from one ſubject they to another move.
My members then the father-members were,
From whence theſe take their birth which now are here:
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere inceſt, which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconſtant name,
Becauſe the weather is not ſtill the ſame
That it was yeſterday; or blame the year,
'Cauſe the ſpring flow'rs, and autumn fruit, does bear.
The world's a ſcene of changes, and to be
Conſtant, in Nature were inconſtancy;

For 'twere to break the laws herſelf has made:
Our ſubſtances themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fix'd being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of Time 'tis meaſur'd by.
T'imagine then that love ſhould never ceaſe
(Love, which is but the ornament of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs as to wonder why
Beauty and colour ſtay not when we die.

NOT FAIR.

'Tis very true I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are:
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then (methought) there ſomething ſhin'd within
Which caſt this luſtre o'er thy ſkin;
Nor could I chuſe but count it the ſun's light
Which made this cloud appear ſo bright;
But ſince I knew thy falſehood and thy pride,
And all thy thouſand faults beſide,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would ſeem to be.
So men, they ſay, by Hell's deluſions led,
Have ta'en a ſuccubus to their bed,
Believe it fair, and themſelves happy call,
Till the cleft foot diſcovers all;
Then they ſtart from it, half ghoſts themſelves with
And devil, as it is, it does appear. [fear,

So ſince againſt my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy ſoul,
My reaſon ſtraight did to my ſenſes ſhew
That they might be miſtaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There's not a man will think you fair;
Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be,
They'll call their eyes as falſe as thee.
Be what thou wilt, Hate will preſent thee ſo
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papiſts Luther do. 28

PLATONIC LOVE.

I.

INDEED I muſt confeſs,
When ſouls mix 'tis an happineſs;
But not complete till bodies, too, combine,
And cloſely as our minds together join:
But half of heav'n the ſouls in glory taſte,
Till by love in heav'n at laſt
Their bodies, too, are plac'd.

II.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But ſomething 'tis that differs thee and me,
And we muſt one ev'n in that difference be.
I thee both as a man and woman prize,
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

III.

Can that for true love paſs,
When a fair woman courts her glaſs?
Something unlike muſt in Love's likeneſs be,
His wonder is one and variety:
For he whoſe ſoul nought but a ſoul can move,
Does a new Narciſſus prove,
And his own image love.

IV.

That ſouls do beauty know,
'Tis to the body's help they owe;
If when they know it they ſtraight abuſe that truſt,
And ſhut the body from it, 'tis as unjuſt
As if I brought my deareſt friend to ſee
My Miſtreſs, and at th' inſtant he
Should ſteal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

I.

Love in her ſunny eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand kiſſes there:
In all her outward parts Love's always ſeen,
But, oh! he never went within.

II.

Within Love's foes, his greateſt foes, abide,
Malice, Inconſtancy, and Pride.

So the earth's face trees, herbs, and flow'rs, do drefs,
With other beauties numberlefs;
But at the centre darknefs is, and hell;
There wicked fpirits, and there the damned, dwell.

III.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darknefs and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Defpair and palenefs in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greateft enemies;
But, like the Perfian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is feen.

IV.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within, too, ftor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I'll by that change fo thrive,
That love in all my parts fhall live.
So pow'rful is this Change, it render can
My outfide woman, and your infide man.

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

I.

Fairest thing that fhines below,
Why in this robe doft thou appear?
Wouldft thou a White moft perfect fhow,
Thou muft at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt feem much whiter fo,
Than winter when 'tis clad with fnow.

II.

'Tis not the linen ſhews ſo fair,
Her ſkin ſhines thro', and makes it bright;
So clouds themſelves like ſuns appear,
When the ſun pierces them with light;
So lilies in a glaſs encloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as white as thoſe.

III.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,
Nought outwards or within is foul;
Condenſed beams make every part;
Thy body's clothed like thy ſoul.
Thy ſoul, which does itſelf diſplay,
Like a ſtar plac'd i' th' Milky Way.

IV.

Such robes the ſaints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with ſuch full glory ſhine;
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

V.

Yet ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou wouldſt not take this garment, ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to kill?
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the White flag he ſees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

So men, who once have caſt the truth away,
Forſook by God, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left to adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more:
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtraight, and boundleſs grown;
They worſhipp'd many a beaſt, and many a ſtone.
Ah! fair Apoſtate! couldſt thou think to flee
From truth and goodneſs, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſs'd ſelf could call
The univerſal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine her fair Eaſt Indies were above,
Where thoſe ſuns riſe that cheer the world of love;
Where beauties ſhine like gems of richeſt price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is ſpice:
Mine, too, her rich Weſt Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But as when the Pellæan conqu'ror dy'd,
Many ſmall princes did his crown divide,
So, ſince my love his vanquiſh'd world forſook,
Murther'd by poiſons from her falſehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

Her body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the ſight,

(Clear as fair cryſtal to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, ere ſtone it grew)
That thro' her fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter ſoul that dwells within:
Our eyes the ſubtile covering paſs,
And ſee that lily thro' its glaſs.
I thro' her breaſt her heart eſpy,
As ſouls in hearts do ſouls deſcry;
I ſee't with gentle motions beat,
I ſee light in't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the ſky,
A thouſand gilded thoughts do fly,
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and chaſte as mother-mind:
But, oh! what other heart is there,
Which ſighs and crowds to her's ſo near?
'Tis all on flame, and does like fire
To that, as to its heav'n, aſpire:
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep.
Whoſe ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chuſe but grieve to ſee.
What pity in my breaſt does reign?
Me thinks I feel, too, all its pain:
So torn, and ſo defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But, oh! at laſt I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.

So poor Alcione, when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear;
But when the corpſe on ſhore were caſt,
Which ſhe her huſband found at laſt,
What ſhould the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a bird; and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from my murther'd heart and murth'rer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICS.

So angels love; ſo let them love for me;
When I'm all ſoul, ſuch ſhall my love, too, be.
Who nothing here but like a ſp'rit would do,
In a ſhort time (believe it) will be one too.
But ſhall our love do what in beaſts we ſee?
Ev'n beaſts eat too, but not ſo well as we.
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of wine, becauſe beaſts water uſe:
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſs'd they take it, devour it raw and crude;
But to us men Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant ſauce of ſharp deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame: 'tis true; but ancient Fame
Says, gods themſelves turn'd beaſts to do the ſame.

The Thund'rer, who, without the female bed,
Could goddeſſes bring forth from out his head,
Choſe rather mortals this way to create,
So much h'eſteem'd his pleaſure 'bove his ſtate.
Ye talk of fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this cold world they'll hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' Frigid Zone.
The ſun does his pure fires on earth beſtow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below:
Such is Love's nobleſt and divineſt heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Luſt you call this; a name to your's more juſt,
If an inordinate deſire be luſt.
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More luſtful was than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN-LOVE.

Loving one firſt, becauſe ſhe could love no body, afterwards loving her with deſire.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art! like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a burning-glaſs of ice:
When Winter ſo the plants would harm,
Her ſnow itſelf does keep them warm.

Fool that I was! who having found
A rich and funny diamond,
Admir'd the hardnefs of the ftone.
But not the light with which it fhone.
Your brave and haughty fcorn at all
Was ftately and monarchical:
All gentlenefs, with that efteem'd,
A dull and flavifh virtue feem'd:
Shouldft thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dft loft what I moft lov'd in thee;
For who would ferve one whom he fees
That he can conquer if he pleafe?
It far'd with me as if a flave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majeftic pride
His conqu'ror thro' the ftreets does ride,
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up fuch a comely fhow.
I fought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My cov'tous paffion did approve
The hoarding up, not ufe, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolifh, but a pleafant one;
From which I'm waken'd now, but, oh!
Prifoners to die are waken'd fo:
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings with defpair;

Deſpair, whoſe torments no men, ſure,
But lovers, and the damn'd, endure.
Her ſcorn I doted once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But ſince, alas! too much 'tis prov'd
That yet 'twas ſomething that I lov'd:
Now my deſires are worſe, and fly
At any impoſſibility:
Deſires which, whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who firſt lov'd vainly, next in vain!

THE SOUL.

I.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They 'ave ſeen a ſecond thing that 's fair;
Or ears that they have muſic found,
Beſides thy voice, in any ſound;
If my taſte do ever meet,
After thy kiſs with ought that 's ſweet;
If my abuſed touch allow
Ought to be ſmooth or ſoft but you;
If what ſeaſonable ſprings,
Or the eaſtern ſummer brings,
Do my ſmell perſuade at all
Ought perfume but thy breath to call;

If all my ſenſes' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And ſo thro' thee more pow'rful paſs,
As beams do thro' a burning-glaſs;
If all things that in Nature are
Either ſoft, or ſweet, or fair,
Be not in thee ſo' epitomiz'd,
That nought material's not compris'd,
May I as worthleſs ſeem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

II.

If I ever anger know,
Till ſome wrong be done to you;
If gods or kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love;
If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image ſtamp'd on it,
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That taſtes of any thing but thee;
If any ſorrow touch my mind
Whilſt you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's ſpace debate,
Whether I ſhall curſe and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Tho' all the world, myſelf and all;
And for love, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh

As to allow a toleration
To the leaſt glimm'ring inclination
If thou alone doſt not control
All thoſe tyrants of my ſoul,
And to thy beauties ty'ſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as habits grow;
If any paſſion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one ſtep from thee,
May'ſt thou no paſſion have for me.

III.

If my buſy' imagination
Do not thee in all things faſhion
So, that all fair ſpecies be
Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
If when ſhe her ſports does keep
(The lower ſoul being all aſleep)
She play one dream with all her art,
Where thou haſt not the longeſt part;
If ought get place in my remembrance,
Without ſome badge of thy reſemblance,
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art of memory;
If my underſtanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you,
If ſhe do near thy body prize
Her bodies of Philoſophies;

If ſhe to the will do ſhow
Ought deſirable but you,
Or if that would not rebel,
Should ſhe another doctrine tell;
If my will do not reſign
All her liberty to thine;
If ſhe would not follow thee,
Tho' Fate and thou ſhouldſt diſagree;
And if (for I a curſe will give
Such as ſhall force thee to believe)
My ſoul be not entirely thine,
May thy dear body ne'er be mine.

THE PASSIONS.

I.

From hate, fear, hope, anger, and envy, free,
And all the paſſions elſe that be,
In vain I boaſt of liberty;
In vain this ſtate a freedom call,
Since I have love, and love is all:
Sot that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no diſeaſe beſides the plague!

II.

So in a zeal the ſons of Iſrael
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell;
Baal and Aſtarte down they threw,
And Accaron and Moloch too:

All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilſt yet, alas! the calf of Bethel ſtood.

III.

Fondly I boaſt that I have dreſs'd my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taſte rich and divine,
Since love, by mixing poiſon there,
Has made it worſe than vinegar:
Love ev'n the taſte of nectar changes ſo,
That gods chuſe rather water here below.

IV.

Fear, anger, hope, all paſſions elſe that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practiſe all your tyranny.
The change of ills ſome good will do;
Th' oppreſſed wretched Indians ſo,
Being ſlaves by the great Spaniſh monarch made,
Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

'Tis mighty wiſe that you would now be thought,
With your grave rules from muſty morals brought,
Thro' which ſome ſtreaks, too, of divin'ty ran,
Partly of Monk, and partly Puritan;
With tedious repetitions, too, you 'ave ta'en
Often the name of Vanity in vain:
Things which, I take it, Friend! you'd ne'er recite,
Should ſhe I love but ſay to' you, Come at night.

The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
Till wisdom from above did him enlight;
But when that gift his ign'rance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
And if by' event the counsels may be seen,
This wisdom 'twas that brought the Southern queen.
She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did so far from her own country roam,
To cure scall'd heads and broken shins at home;
She came for that which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

I.

Beneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries,
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So Lust of old the deluge punished.
Ah! wretched Youth! said I;
Ah! wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah! wretched Youth! the fields and floods reply.

II.

When thoughts of love I entertain,
I meet no words but Never, and, In vain:
Never, alas! that dreadful name

Which fuels the infernal flame:
Never! my time to come muſt waſte;
In vain! torments the preſent and the paſt:
In vain! in vain! ſaid I;
In vain! in vain! twice did I ſadly cry;
In vain! in vain! the fields and floods reply.

III.

No more ſhall fields or floods do ſo,
For I to ſhades more dark and ſilent go:
All this world's noiſe appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded ſight,
In the ſun's buſy and impert'nent light.
Then down I laid my head
Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead,
And my freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled.

IV.

Ah! ſottiſh Soul! ſaid I,
When back to' its cage again I ſaw it fly.
Fool! to reſume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool! to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be
Death ſhould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt come to live it o'er again in me?

THE WISH.

I.

Well, then, I now do plainly fee
This bufy world and I fhall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the fooneft cloy:
And they (methinks) deferve my pity
Who for it can endure the ftings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah! yet, ere I defcend to the grave,
May I a fmall houfe and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wife, and both delightful too!
And fince Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Miftrefs moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh! Fountains! when in you fhall I
Myfelf, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, efpy?
Oh! Fields! oh! Woods! when, when fhall I be made
The happy tenant of your fhade?
Here's the fpring-head of Pleafure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that fhe
Has coin'd and ftamp'd for good.

IV.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs ſcatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they deſcended hither
From heav'n, did always chuſe their way;
And therefore we may boldly ſay
That 'tis the way, too, thither.

V.

How happy here ſhould I
And one dear ſhe live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deſerts ſolitude!
I ſhould have then this only fear,
Leſt men, when they my pleaſures ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a city here.

MY DIET.

I.

Now by my Love, the greateſt oath that is,
None loves you half ſo well as I;
I do not aſk your love for this,
But for Heav'n's ſake believe me, or I die.
No ſervant e'er but did deſerve
His maſter ſhould believe that he does ſerve,
And I'll aſk no more wages, tho' I ſtarve.

II.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and ſure
I ſhall not by it too luſty prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If it can but keep together life and love.
Being your pris'ner and your ſlave,
I do not feaſts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water's all I crave.

III.

On a ſigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty at leaſt;
Fifty a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feaſt;
A thouſand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt eternity.

THE THIEF.

I.

Thou robb'ſt my days of bus'neſs and delights,
Of ſleep thou robb'ſt my nights:
Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of heav'n too?
Thou ev'n my prayers doſt ſteal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

II.

Is it a ſin to love, that it ſhould thus,
Like an ill conſcience, torture us?

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltleſs e'er was haunted ſo)
Still, ſtill, methinks thy face I view,
And ſtill thy ſhape does me purſue,
As if not you me, but I had murther'd you.

III.

From books I ſtrive ſome remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
Like points and commas, every where:
Me bleſs'd for this let no man hold,
For I, as Midas did of old,
Periſh by turning ev'ry thing to gold.

IV.

What do I ſeek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my deity,
I give thee then ubiquity.
My pains reſemble hell in this,
The Divine Preſence there, too, is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliſs.

ALL OVER LOVE.

I.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them, ſay I,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd paſſions with themſelves can die;
For none can be unhappy who,
'Midſt all his ills, a time does know
(Tho' ne'er ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

II.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But like a God by pow'rful art;
'Twas all in all, and all in ev'ry part.

III.

My' affection no more periſh can
Than the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one duſt of me
Mix'd with another's ſubſtance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

IV.

Let Nature, if ſhe pleaſe, diſperſe
My atoms over all the univerſe;
At the laſt they eas'ly ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is ſtamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

I.

Now, ſure, within this twelvemonth paſt,
I 'ave lov'd at leaſt ſome twenty years or more:
Th' account of love runs much more faſt
Than that with which our life does ſcore:
So tho' my life be ſhort, yet I may prove
The great Methuſalem of love.

II.

Not that love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than thofe our being is meafur'd by;
But they 're more clofe compacted far,
And fo in leffer room do lie.
Thin airy things extend themfelves in fpace,
Things folid take up little place.

III.

Yet love, alas! and life, in me,
Are not two fev'ral things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double diff'rent motion?
O yes, there may; for fo the felf-fame fun
At once does flow and fwiftly run.

IV.

Swiftly his daily journey' he goes,
And treads his annual with a ftatelier pace,
And does three hundred rounds enclofe
Within one yearly circle's fpace;
At once with double courfe, in the fame fphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

V.

When Sol does to myfelf refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but flowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It fwiftly flies, and then is love.
Love is my diurnal courfe, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear, my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

I.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid!
Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd;
Thyſelf for money? Oh! let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n ſo low!
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When Love that is blind is by blind Fortune led?

II.

The fooliſh Indian, that ſells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou who ſell'ſt thyſelf for gold.
What gains in ſuch a Bargain are?
He'll in thy mines dig better treaſures far.

III.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The ſun that makes it is not ſo fair;
The ſun which can nor make nor ever ſee
A thing ſo beautiful as thee,
In all the journies he does paſs,
Tho' the ſea ſerv'd him for a looking-glaſs.

IV.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus none ſo bold as he:
Thou 'rt ſo divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted Simony;

Too dear he'll find his sordid price;
He 'as forfeited that and the benefice.

V.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There is none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth is most like to thee,
And that my heart does only bear,
For there thyself, thy very self, is there.

VI.

So much thyself does in me live,
That when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is:
And that full weight, too, may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

I.

Love from Time's wings hath stoll'n the feathers, sure,
He has, and put them to his own,
For hours, of late, as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

II.

The various motions of the turning year
Belong not now at all to me;
Each summer's night does Lucies now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

III.

How long a ſpace ſince firſt I lov'd it is!
To look into a glaſs I fear,
And am ſurpris'd with wonder when I miſs
Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

IV.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happ'neſs too,
Why does hard Fate to us reſtore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew
What the flood waſh'd away before?

V.

Sure thoſe are happy people that complain
O' the ſhortneſs of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heav'n! and bring them back again
To th' ordinary ſpan.

VI.

If when your gift, long life, I diſapprove,
I too ingrateful ſeem to be,
Puniſh me juſtly, Heav'n! make her to love,
And then 'twill be too ſhort for me.

COUNSEL.

I.

Gently, ah! gently, Madam! touch
The wound which you yourſelf have made;
That pain muſt needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

II.

Do but a while with patience ſtay,
For Counſel yet will do no good
Till time, and reſt, and heav'n, allay
The vi'lent burnings of my blood;
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk for being ſo?

III.

Perhaps the phyſic's good you give,
But ne'er to me can uſeful prove;
Med'cines may cure, but not revive;
And I'm not ſick, but dead in love.
In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

IV.

What new-found rhetoric is thine?
Ev'n thy diſſuaſions me perſuade,
And thy great pow'r does cleareſt ſhine
When thy commands are diſobey'd.
In vain thou bidd'ſt me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

V.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Againſt thine eyes t' aſſiſt my heart;
But different far was his intent,
For ſtraight the traitor took their part;
And by this new foe I'm bereft
Of all that little which was left.

VI.

The act, I muſt confeſs, was wiſe,
As a diſhoneſt act could be!
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too ſtrong for that and me,
And part o' th' triumph choſe to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

I.

'Tis true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
And ſhall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each fair one that I ſee,
Till I find one at laſt that ſhall love me.

II.

That ſhall my Canaan be, the fatal ſoil
That ends my wand'rings and my toil:
I'll ſettle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flow.

III.

The needle trembles ſo, and turns about,
Till it the Northern point find out;
But conſtant, then, and fix'd, does prove,
Fix'd, that his deareſt pole as ſoon may move.

IV.

Then may my veſſel torn and ſhipwreck'd be,
If it put forth again to ſea;
It never more abroad ſhall roam,
Tho' it could next voyage bring the Indies home.

V.

But I muſt ſweat in love and labour yet,
Till I a competency get.
They 're ſlothful fools who leave a trade
Till they a mod'rate fortune by it have made.

VI.

Variety I aſk not; give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The perſon Love doe to us fit,
Like manna, has the taſte of all in it.

THE SAME.

I.

For Heav'n's ſake, what do' you mean to do?
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
Youth and warm hours let me not idly loſe,
The little time that love does chuſe;
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone whilſt yet 'tis day,
Leſt I faint, and, benighted, loſe my way.

II.

'Tis diſmal one ſo long to love
In vain, till to love more as vain muſt prove;
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be:
Alas! 'tis folly to remain,
And waſte our army thus in vain,
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At ſeveral hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd inconſtancy;
'Tis more inconſtant always to purſue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found;
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs round.

IV.

When it does hardneſs meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another ſide;
But if it ought that is ſoft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and ſtays in it.
Whatever 'tis ſhall firſt love me,
That it my heav'n may truly be,
I ſhall be ſure to give it eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

I.

By Heav'n I'll tell her boldly that 'tis ſhe;
Why ſhould ſhe' aſham'd or angry be
To be belov'd by me?
The gods may give their altars o'er,
They'll ſmoke but ſeldom any more,
If none but happy men muſt them adore.

II.

The lightning which tall oaks oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometime does not diſdain
The humble furzes of the plain.

She being ſo high, and I ſo low,
Her pow'r by this does greater ſhow,
Who at ſuch diſtance gives ſo ſure a blow.

III.

Compar'd with her all things ſo worthleſs prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rds her move
Till it be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there is none;
She like a deity is grown,
That muſt create, or elſe muſt be alone.

IV.

If there be man who thinks himſelf ſo high
As to pretend equality,
He deſerves her leſs than I;
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with leſſer grief
To' an undeſerving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

No; thou 'rt a fool, I'll ſwear, if e'er thou grant;
Much of my veneration thou muſt want,
When once thy kindneſs puts my ign'rance out,
For a learn'd age is always leaſt devout.
Keep ſtill thy diſtance; for at once, to me,
Goddeſs and woman, too, thou canſt not be.
Thou 'rt queen of all that ſees thee, and, as ſuch,
Muſt neither tyrannize nor yield too much.

Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in thine hand.
Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and doſt fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous ſtill,
Leſt I like the Pellæan prince ſhould be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee.
When Love has taken all thou haſt away,
His ſtrength, by too much riches, will decay.
Thou in my fancy doſt much higher ſtand
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I muſt needs, I'm ſure, a loſer be,
To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee.
Thy ſweetneſs is ſo much within me plac'd,
That ſhouldſt thou nectar give, 'twould ſpoil the taſte.
Beauty at firſt moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the ſight:
W' admire it whilſt unknown, but after, more
Admire ourſelves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does overgorge himſelf with his own prey;
Of very hopes a ſurfeit he'll ſuſtain,
Unleſs by fears he caſt them up again:
His ſpirit and ſweetneſs dangers keep alone;
If once he loſe his ſting he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

I.

Some others may with ſafety tell
The mod'rate flames which in them dwell,

And either find ſome med'cine there,
Or cure themſelves ev'n by deſpair:
My love is ſo great, that it might prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love:
So tender is my wound, it muſt not bear
Any ſalute, tho' of the kindeſt air.

II.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I ſuſtain,
Leſt too much goodneſs make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.
Forbid it, Heav'n, my life ſhould be
Weigh'd with her leaſt conveniency:
No, let me periſh rather with my grief,
Than to her diſadvantage find relief.

III.

Yet when I die, my laſt breath ſhall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all;
Like cov'tous men who ne'er deſcry
Their dear hid treaſures till they die.
Ah! faireſt Maid! how will it cheer
My ghoſt, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitieſt then,
Twenty to one but I ſhall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I.

I WONDER what thoſe lovers mean who ſay
They have giv'n their hearts away:
Some good kind lover tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.

II.

If ſo it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

III.

Woe to her ſtubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the ſelf-ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado ſhot into a magazine.

IV.

Then ſhall Love keep the aſhes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' allay, from mine the metal, take:

V.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No droſs was there to periſh in the fire.

THE PROPHET.

I.

Teach me to love? go teach thyſelf more wit;
I chief poſſeſſor am of it.
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews;
Teach boldneſs to the ſtews;
In tyrants' courts teach ſupple flattery;
Teach Jeſuits, that have travell'd far, to lie;
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow;
Teach reſtleſs fountains how to flow;
Teach the dull earth, fix'd, to abide;
Teach womankind inconſtancy and pride:
See if your diligence here will uſeful prove;
But, prithee, teach not me to love.

II.

The God of Love, if ſuch a thing there be,
May learn to love from me.
He who does boaſt that he has been
In every heart ſince Adam's ſin,
I'll lay my life, nay, Miſtreſs, on 't, that's more,
I'll teach him things he never knew before;
I'll teach him a receipt to make
Words that weep, and tears that ſpeak;
I'll teach him ſighs, like thoſe in death,
At which the ſouls go out, too, with the breath:
Still the ſoul ſtays, yet ſtill does from me run,
As light and heat does with the ſun.

III.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I
Who muſt new worlds in it deſcry;
Rich worlds, that yield of treaſure more
Than all that has been known before:
And yet, like his, I fear, my fate muſt be,
To find them out for others, not for me.
Me times to come, I know it, ſhall
Love's laſt and greateſt Prophet call:
But, ah! what's that, if ſhe refuſe
To hear the wholeſome doctrines of my Muſe?
If to my ſhare the Prophet's fate muſt come,
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

I.

The devil take thoſe fooliſh men
Who gave you firſt ſuch pow'rs;
We ſtood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

II.

For ſhame! let theſe weak chains be broke;
Let's our ſlight bonds, like Samſon, tear,
And nobly caſt away that yoke
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

III.

French laws forbid the female reign
Yet Love does them to ſlav'ry draw:

Alas! if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all mankind muſt make a Salique law.

CALLED INCONSTANT.

I.

Ha! ha! you think you 'ave kill'd my fame
By this not underſtood, yet common name;
A name that is full and proper when aſſign'd
To womankind;
But when you call us ſo,
It can at beſt but for a metaphor go.

II.

Can you the ſhore inconſtant call,
Which ſtill, as waves paſs by, embraces all,
That had as lief the ſame waves always love,
Did they not from him move?
Or can you fault with pilots find
For changing courſe, yet never blame the wind?

III.

Since drunk with vanity you fell,
The things turn round to you that ſtedfaſt dwell;
And you yourſelf, who from us take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of ſight;
So the ſame error ſeizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

I.

Go ! let the fatted calf be kill'd,
My prodigal is come home at laſt,
With noble reſolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt:
No more will burn with love or wine,
But quite has left his women and his ſwine.

II.

Welcome, ah ! welcome, my poor Heart !
Welcome; I little thought, I'll ſwear,
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did part)
Ever again to ſee thee here:
Dear Wanderer! ſince from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead?

III.

Haſt thou not found each woman's breaſt
(The lands where thou haſt travelled)
Either by ſavages poſſeſs'd,
Or wild, and uninhabited ?
What joy couldſt take, or what repoſe,
In countries ſo unciviliz'd as thoſe ?

IV.

Luſt, the ſcorching dog-ſtar, here
Rages with immoderate heat,
Whilſt Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And where theſe are temp'rate known,
The ſoil is all barren ſand or rocky ſtone.

V.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich well-govern'd heart,
Like China, it admitted you
But to the frontier-part.
From Paradiſe ſhut out for evermore,
What good is it that an angel kept the door?

VI.

Well fare the pride, and the diſdain,
And vanities with beauty join'd,
I ne'er had ſeen this heart again,
If any fair one had been kind:
My dove, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out. 36

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

I.

False, fooliſh Heart! didſt thou not ſay
That thou wouldſt never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before:
I ſtrove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

Ev'n ſo the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoiſt his ſail;

Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore him and her loſt words away.

III.

The doleful Ariadne ſo
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood;
"Falſe Theſeus! whither doſt thou go?"
Afar falſe Theſeus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf is too weak to eaſe my grief.

IV.

Ah! ſenſeleſs Heart! to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breaſt,
And to be ſcorch'd in every eye!
Wand'ring about like wretched Cain,
Thruſt out, ill us'd by all, but by none ſlain!

V.

Well, ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head ſhall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties ſhall ſupply;
I can more eas'ly live, I know,
Without thee, than without a Miſtreſs thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

I.

Or I'm a very dunce, or womankind
Is a moſt unintelligible thing;

I can no ſenſe, nor no contexture find,
Nor their looſe parts to method bring.
I know not what the learn'd may ſee,
But they 're ſtrange Hebrew things to me.

II.

By cuſtoms and traditions they live,
And fooliſh ceremonies of antique date;
We lovers new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obſtinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law ſtill.

III.

Before their mothers' gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods that have no ſenſe nor mind:
Honour's their Aſhtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thund'ring Baal of womankind,
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

IV.

But then, like men both cov'tous and devout,
Their coſtly ſuperſtition loath t' omit,
And yet more loath to iſſue monies out,
At their own charge to furniſh it,
To theſe expenſive deities
The hearts of men they ſacrifice. 24

THE SOUL.

I.

Some dull philos'pher, when he hears me ſay
My Soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breaſt does lie,
That neither is nor will be I,
As a form ſervient and aſſiſting there;

II.

Will cry, Abſurd! and aſk me how I live,
And ſyllogiſms againſt it give.
A curſe on all your vain philoſophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and religion, thoſe great myſteries.

III.

Her body is my Soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I ſwear it is:
'Tis that preſerves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay, all my thoughts and ſpeeches too,
And ſeparation from it is my death.

ECHO.

I.

Tir'd with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard ſhe whom I obey,
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives conſent to all I ſay.
Ah! gentle Nymph! who lik'ſt ſo well
In hollow ſolitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being ſuch, into it go,
And do but once from thence anſwer me ſo.

II.

Complaiſant Nymph! why doſt thus kindly ſhare
In griefs whoſe cauſe thou doſt not know?
Hadſt thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compaſſion wouldſt thou ſhow!
Thy flame, whilſt living, or a flower,
Was of leſs beauty, and leſs rav'ſhing power;
Alas! I might as eaſily
Paint thee to her, as deſcribe her to thee.

III.

By repercuſſion beams engender fire,
Shapes by reflection ſhapes beget;
The voice itſelf, when ſtopp'd, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.
Thus things by oppoſition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her ſtony breaſt rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor ſound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

I.

They ſay you're angry, and rant mightily,
Becauſe I love the ſame as you;
Alas! you're very rich, 'tis true;
But, prithee, Fool! what's that to Love and me?
You have land and money, let that ſerve;
And know you have more by that than you deſerve.

II.

When next I ſee my fair one, ſhe ſhall know
How worthleſs thou art of her bed;
And, Wretch! I'll ſtrike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verſe not underſtood by you;
Whilſt thy ſole rhetoric ſhall be
Jointure and jewels, and our friends agree.

III.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineer;
Lovers are better friends than they:
Let 's thoſe in other things obey;
The Fates, and ſtars, and gods, muſt govern here.
Vain names of Blood! in love let none
Adviſe with any blood but with their own.

IV.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
No other thought has had acceſs;
Did ſhe now beg I'd love no leſs,
And were ſhe an empreſs I ſhould love no more;
Were ſhe as juſt and true to me,
Ah! ſimple Soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

I.

Hope, whoſe weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it ſucceed and if it miſs,
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
Vain ſhadow! which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The ſtars have not a poſſibility
Of bleſſing thee:
If things, then, from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the moſt hopeleſs thing of all.

II.

Hope! thou bold taſter of delight,
Who whilſt thou ſhouldſt but taſte devour'ſt it quite!
Thou bring'ſt us an eſtate, yet leav'ſt us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire ſhould wed,
Come deflow'red virgins to our bed.
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty cuſtoms paid to thee:
For joy, like wine, kept cloſe does better taſte;
If it take air before, its ſpirits waſte.

III.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond Archer! Hope! who tak'ſt thy aim ſo far,
That ſtill or ſhort or wide thine arrows are!

Thin empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With ſhapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in tears!
When thy falſe beams o'er Reaſon's light prevail,
By *ignes fatui* for North-ſtars we ſail.

IV.

Brother of Fear! more gayly clad;
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad;
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Deſire!
That blow'ſt the chymic's and the lover's fire!
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly' on
By the ſtrange witchcraft of Anon!
By thee the one does changing Nature thro'
Her endleſs labyrinths purſue,
And th' other chaſes woman, whilſt ſhe goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

I.

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and univerſal cure!
Thou captive's freedom! and thou ſick man's health!
Thou loſer's vict'ry, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heav'n we eat,
To every taſte a ſev'ral meat!
Thou ſtrong retreat! thou ſure entail'd eſtate,
Which nought has power to alienate!

Thou pleaſant, honeſt Flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men but thou alone!

II.

Hope! thou firſt-fruits of happineſs!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright ſucceſs!
Thou good prepar'tive, without which our joy
Does work too ſtrong, and whilſt it cures deſtroy;
Who out of Fortune's reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing ſtill in hand!
Whilſt thee, her earneſt-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether ſhe her bargain break or elſe fulfil;
Thou only good, not worſe for ending ill!

III.

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heav'n and earth divided be!
Tho' Faith be heir, and have the fix'd eſtate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happineſs itſelf is all one
In thee or in poſſeſſion!
Only the future is thine, the preſent his!
Thine is the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt apprehender of our joys, which haſt
So long a reach, and yet canſt hold ſo faſt!

IV.

Hope! thou ſad lover's only friend!
Thou way that may'ſt diſpute it with the end!
For love, I fear, is a fruit that does delight
The taſte itſelf leſs than the ſmell and ſight.

Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canſt be when thou doſt miſs;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and ſtraight flee
Some other way again to thee:
And that 's a pleaſant country, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I.

I LITTLE thought, thou fond ingrateful ſin
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou wouldſt e'er have grown
So falſe or ſtrong to make it all thine own.

II.

At mine own breaſt with care I fed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill,
And daintily I nouriſh'd thee
With idle thoughts and poetry!
What ill returns doſt thou allow?
I fed thee then, and thou doſt ſtarve me now.

III.

There was a time when thou waſt cold and chill,
Nor hadſt the pow'r of doing ill;
Into my boſom did I take
This frozen and benumbed ſnake,
Not fearing from it any harm,
But now it ſtings that breaſt which made it warm.

IV.

What cursed weed is this love! but one grain sow,
And the whole field 'twill overgrow;
Straight will it choke up and devour
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flow'r;
Nay, unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

V.

But now all's gone; I now, alas! complain,
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
Since by my own unforc'd consent
The traitor has my government,
And is so settled in the throne,
That 'twere rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

I.

I KNOW 'tis sordid, and 'tis low,
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the weakness and the baseness there,
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage sometimes, and bite my chain;

For to what purpofe do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For if the chiefeft Chriftian head,
Was by this fturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be flain?

COLDNESS.

I.

As water fluid is till it do grow
Solid and fix'd by cold,
So in warm feafons Love does loofely flow,
Froft only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and difdain
Does his fwift courfe reftrain.

II.

Tho' conftant and confiftent now it be,
Yet when kind beams appear
It melts, and glides apace into the fea,
And lofes itfelf there:
So the fun's am'rous play
Kiffes the ice away.

III.

You may in vulgar loves find always this,
But my fubftantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is,
No weathers can it move;
Tho' heat diffolve the ice again,
The cryftal folid does remain.

I*.

Then like ſome wealthy iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the ſea about it I;
Thou like fair Albion to the ſailor's ſight,
Spreading her beauteous boſom all in white:
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.

II.

But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than ſo,
As their freſh banks ſoft rivers do,
Nor ſhall the proudeſt planet boaſt a power
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted fountain feeds my love.

III.

Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like doves we' engender'd there.
No bound nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure;
In love there's none too much an epicure.
Nought ſhall my hands or lips control;
I'll kiſs thee thro'; I'll kiſs thy very ſoul.

IV.

Yet nothing but the night our ſports ſhall know;
Night, that is both blind and ſilent too.
Alphæus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd Sicanian fountain to embrace,

* This poem has no title in any of the editions.

Creeping ſo far beneath the ſea,
Than I will do t' enjoy and feaſt on thee.

V.

Men out of wiſdom, women out of pride,
The pleaſant thefts of love do hide.
That may ſecure thee; but thou haſt yet from me
A more infallible ſecurity;
For there is no danger I ſhould tell
The joys which are to me unſpeakable.

SLEEP.

I.

In vain, thou drowſy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who doſt from fumes ariſe,
Thou, who man's ſoul doſt overſhade
With a thick cloud by vapours made,
Canſt have no pow'r to ſhut his eyes,
Or paſſage of his ſp'rits to choke,
Whoſe flame is ſo pure that it ſends up no ſmoke.

II.

Yet how do tears but from ſome vapours riſe?
Tears that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear,
But all my too much moiſture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

III.

Thou who doſt men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality;
Come, thou juſt God! and equal me
A while to my diſdainful ſhe:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does the favour ſhew;
Love equals all a better way than you.

IV.

Then never more ſhalt thou be' invok'd by me;
Watchful as ſpirits and gods I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy kinſman Death defy:
For betwixt thee and them that love
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' unhappy, and the happy thee.

BEAUTY.

I.

Beauty! thou wild fantaſtic ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown; here tawny, and there white;
Thou Flatt'rer! which comply'ſt with ev'ry ſight!
Thou Babel! which confound'ſt the eye
With unintelligible variety!
Who haſt no certain what nor where,
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thyſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy ſhe-profeſſors are.

II.

Beauty! Love's ſcene and maſquerade,
So gay by well-plac'd lights and diſtance made!
Falſe coin! with which th' impoſtor cheats us ſtill!
The ſtamp and colour good, but metal ill!
Which light or baſe we find, when we
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!
For tho' thy being be but ſhow,
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow,
And chuſe t' enjoy thee when thou leaſt art thou.

III.

Beauty! thou active, paſſive ill!
Which dy'ſt thyſelf as faſt as thou doſt kill!
Thou tulip! who thy ſtock in paint doſt waſte,
Neither for phyſic good, nor ſmell, nor taſte.
Beauty! whoſe flames but meteors are,
Short-liv'd and low, tho' thou wouldſt ſeem a ſtar,
Who dar'ſt not thine own home deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
When thou, alas! doſt in the fancy lie.

IV.

Beauty! whoſe conqueſts ſtill are made
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or elſe betray'd;
Weak Victor! who thyſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When Sickneſs ſtorms, or Time beſieges thee!
Thou unwholeſome thaw to frozen age!
Thou ſtrong wine which youth's fever doſt enrage!

Thou tyrant! which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle thief! from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou murth'rer! which haſt kill'd, and devil which wouldſt damn me!

THE PARTING.

I.

As men in Greenland left beheld the ſun
From their horizon run,
And thought upon the ſad half year
Of cold and darkneſs they muſt ſuffer there:

II.

So on my parting Miſtreſs did I look,
With ſuch ſwoln eyes my farewell took:
Ah! my fair Star! ſaid I;
Ah! thoſe bleſs'd lands to which bright thou doſt fly!

III.

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
And ſay I'm in a warm degree;
Say what they pleaſe, I ſay and ſwear
'Tis beyond eighty, at leaſt, if you're not here.

IV.

It is, it is; I tremble with the froſt,
And know that I the day have loſt;
And thoſe wild things which men they call,
I find to be but bears or foxes all.

V.

Return, return, gay Planet of mine Eaſt!
Of all that ſhines thou much the beſt!
And as thou now deſcend'ſt to ſea,
More fair and freſh riſe up from thence to me.

VI.

Thou who, in many a propriety,
So truly art the ſun to me,
Add one more likeneſs, which I'm ſure you can,
And let me and my ſun beget a man.

MY PICTURE.

I.

HERE, take my likeneſs with you whilſt 'tis ſo;
For when from hence you go,
The next ſun's riſing will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this Picture draw,
Will ſwear, next day, my face he never ſaw.

II.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this ſhadow ſmile,
Your preſence will ſuch vigour give,
(Your preſence, which makes all things live)
And abſence ſo much alter me,
This will the ſubſtance, I the ſhadow be.

III.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah! be not frighted if you ſee
The new-ſoul'd Picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a ſigh or two;
For thoſe are the firſt things that it will do.

IV.

My rival image will be then thought bleſs'd,
And laugh at me as diſpoſſeſs'd;
But thou who, (if I know thee right)
I' th' ſubſtance doſt not much delight,
Wilt rather ſend again for me,
Who then ſhall but my Picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

I.

No; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No; wretched Heart! ſwell till you break!
She cannot love me if ſhe would,
And, to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe ſhould.
No; to the grave thy ſorrows bear,
As ſilent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handſomely the thing contrive,
That ſhe may guiltleſs of it live:
So periſh, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

II.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
By' her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look juſtly, and become
An execution, that a martyrdom.
The cens'ring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder ſlain.
She muſt be angry, ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to aſk her to make me,
By being her's, happier than ſhe.
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

III.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear,
When, found in ev'ry other part,
Her ſacrifice is found without an heart:
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that, too, with my breath:
Then ſhall the world my noble ruin ſee,
Some pity, and ſome envy me;
Then ſhe herſelf, the mighty ſhe!
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas only love deſtroy'd the gentle youth.

THE MONOPOLY.

I.

WHAT mines of ſulphur in my breaſt do lie,
That feed the eternal burnings of my heart?
Not Ætna flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of Vulcan's ſmoky art;
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there,
And Cupid's forge is ſet up here.

II.

Here all thoſe arrows' mortal heads are made
That fly ſo thick unſeen thro' yielding air;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealouſy, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair.
Ah! cruel God! and why to me
Gave you this curs'd Monopoly?

III.

I have the trouble, not the gains of it;
Give me but the diſpoſal of one dart,
And then (I'll aſk no other benefit)
Heat as you pleaſe your furnace in my heart.
So ſweet is revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

IV.

Deep into her boſom would I ſtrike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was ſtruck by thee;
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from the heart,
They flutter ſtill about inconſtantly.

Curfe on thy goodnefs, whom we find
Civil to none but womankind!

V.

Vain God! who women doft thyfelf adore!
Their wounded hearts do ftill retain the pow'rs
To travel and to wander as before;
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that fex and our's
So' unjuftly are diftributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I.

I'AVE follow'd thee a year at leaft,
And never ftopp'd myfelf to reft;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

II.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To ftars, which govern them above;
Our ftars that move for ever round,
With the fame diftance ftill betwixt them found.

III.

In vain, alas! in vain I ftrive
The wheel of Fate fafter to drive,
Since if around it fwiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

IV.

Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain;
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I.

I THOUGHT, I'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eas'ly might account
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As caſt up my love's ſcore.
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs millions are to come.

II.

I'm ſure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my love do ſo?
A real cauſe at firſt did move,
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
With ſhadows from itſelf that flow.
My love, as we in numbers ſee,
By ciphers is increas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made and untry'd ſpheres above
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of Jove,
But are ſince that beginning found
By their own forms to move for ever round.

All violent motions ſhort do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to ſee
That love's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

I.

With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd, hitherto,
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

II.

The world perceives it, and it may be ſhe,
Tho' ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that ſkill to me.

III.

Men without love have oft' ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none who had it ever ſeem'd t' have none.

IV.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it 'cauſe itſelf is blind.

V.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorough it he paſs'd into the heart.

VI.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſs, into the tongue 'twill get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH,

HIS MISTRESS.

I.

These full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on heav'n, with mighty gulfs between,
Was the great miſer's greateſt pain;
So near was he to heav'n's delight,
As with the bleſs'd converſe he might,
Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

II.

Ah! Wretch! I ſeem to touch her now; but, oh!
What boundleſs ſpaces do us part?
Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty ſhow,
My lowneſs, and her high deſert:
But theſe might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me ſo far remove,
As her hard ſoul's averſion from my love.

III.

So travellers that loſe their way by night,
If from afar they chance t' eſpy
Th' uncertain glimm'rings of a taper's light,
Take flatt'ring hopes, and think it nigh;
Till, wearied with the fruitleſs pain,
They ſit them down and weep in vain,
And there in darkneſs and deſpair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I.

I WONDER what the grave and wiſe
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move;
They underſtand not breath that words does want;
Our ſighs to them are inſignificant.

II.

One of them ſaw me, th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire,
My ſoul was melting ſtraight away,
And dropp'd before the fire.
This ſilly wiſe man, who pretends to know,
Aſk'd why I look'd ſo pale, and trembled ſo?

III.

Another from my Miſtreſs' door
Saw me with eyes all watry come,
Nor could the hidden cauſe explore,
But thought ſome ſmoke was in the room:
Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,
He knew tears made by ſmoke, but not by flame.

IV.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no ſkill,
For God's ſake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be ign'rant ſtill.

Study or action others may embrace;
My love's my business, and my books her face.

V.

These are but trifles, I confess,
Which me, weak Mortal! move;
Nor is your busy seriousness
Less trifling than my love.
The wisest king who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

MY FATE.

I.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

II.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fix'd love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same whate'er you do.
You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

III.

Me mine example let the Stoics use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,

Let all Predeſtinators me produce,
Who ſtruggle with eternal bonds in vain:
This fire I'm born to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell
Whether it be beams of heav'n or flames of hell.

IV.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed,
For only there is writ my deſtiny:
Or if ſtars ſhew it, gaze not on the ſkies,
But ſtudy th' aſtrology of her eyes.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heav'n, but, oh! my heav'n is there.
What can men learn from ſtars they ſcarce can ſee?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

THE HEART-BREAKING.

I.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke;
The love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like poiſon put into a Venice-glaſs.

II.

I thought that this ſome remedy might prove,
But, oh! the mighty ſerpent, Love,

Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

III.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart,
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

IV.

Ev'n ſo rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral quarters get,
Each troop does ſpoil and ruin more,
Than all join'd in one body did before.

V.

How many loves reign in my boſom now?
How many loves! yet all of you:
Thus have I chang'd, with evil fate,
My monarch-love into a tyrant-ſtate.

THE USURPATION.

I.

THOU'DST to my ſoul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had giv'n myſelf to thee;
But thou haſt kept me ſlave and pris'ner ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou'rt grown,
Fond Tyrant! I'll depoſe thee from thy throne:
Such outrages muſt not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

II.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my beſt
Acquaintance, were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their cov'tous neighbour, drav'ſt out all:
Nay, more, thou mak'ſt me worſhip thee,
And wouldſt the rule of my religion be.
Was ever tyrant claim'd ſuch pow'r as you,
To be both Emp'ror and Pope too?

III.

The public mis'ries and my private fate
Deſerve ſome tears; but greedy thou
(Inſatiate Maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee ſhould alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my ſins a part,
Tho' the ſole cauſe of moſt of them thou art,
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since firſt mine eyes I gave to you.

IV.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes doſt claim;
Thou rageſt like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can reſiſt or not increaſe the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou doſt devour, unleſs thy ſtamp it bear.
Thy preſence, like the crowned baſiliſk's breath,
All other ſerpents puts to death.

V.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality;
But all pains eminently lie in thee.
Alas! alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain,
Since all the natives there thou'st overthrown,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

I.

Thou worst estate ev'n of the sex that is worst,
Therefore by Nature made at first
T'attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight, outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou case to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Tho' thou a point imaginary be.

II.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand,
(A steril and a wild unlovely land)
Art always scorch'd with hot desires,

Yet barren quite, didſt thou not bring
Monſters and ſerpents forth thyſelf to ſting!

III.

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe conjurer in his cell!
And fear'ſt the Day's diſcov'ring eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou ſhouldſt be
Such tedious and unpleaſant company,
Who liv'ſt ſo melancholily!
Thou thing of ſubtile, ſlippery kind,
Which women loſe, and yet no man can find!

IV.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains:
So tho' the chymic his great ſecret miſs,
(For neither it in art nor nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains,
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way.

V.

Say what thou wilt, chaſtity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themſelves with ramparts and with walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo hated, and ſo lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

I.

Impossibilities? Oh, no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
As eas'ly other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Cæfar after vanquifh'd Rome
His little Afian foes did overcome.

II.

True lovers oft' by Fortune are envy'd,
Oft' earth and hell againft them ftrive;
But Providence engages on their fide,
And a good end at laft does give;
At laft juft men and lovers always thrive.

III.

As ftars, (not pow'rful elfe) when they conjoin,
Change, as they pleafe, the world's eftate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate,
And to our ftars themfelves prefcribe a fate.

IV.

'Twould grieve me much to find fome bold romance
That fhould two kind examples fhew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that ftory true,
But none fhould fancy more than I would do.

V.

Thro' ſpight of our worſt enemies, thy friends,
Thro' local baniſhment from thee;
Thro' the loud thoughts of leſs-concerning ends,
As eaſy ſhall my paſſage be,
As was the am'rous youth's o'er Helle's ſea.

VI.

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the ſtars their aid deny'd;
He ſaw the Seſtian tow'r on th'other ſhore;
Shall th'Helleſpont our loves divide?
No, not th'Atlantic ocean's boundleſs tide.

VII.

Such ſeas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle Maid! do not deny
To let thy beams ſhine on me from afar,
And ſtill the taper let me' eſpy,
For when thy light goes out I ſink and die.

SILENCE.

I.

Curse on this tongue that has my heart betray'd,
And his great ſecret open laid!
For of all perſons chiefly ſhe
Should not the ills I ſuffer know,
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in her to pity me;
Since 'tis for me to loſe my life more fit,
Than 'tis for her to ſave and ranſome it.

II.

Ah! never more ſhall thy unwilling ear
My helpleſs ſtory hear.
Diſcourſe and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breaſt does reign;
Silence, perhaps, may make it ſleep:
I'll bind that ſore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it cloſe, may chance to heal.

III.

No, 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Tho' it ſhould ſpeechleſs lie.
A river, ere it meet the ſea,
As well might ſtay its ſource
As my love can his courſe,
Unleſs it join and mix with thee.
If any end or ſtop of it be found,
We know the flood runs ſtill, tho' under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

I.

Unhurt, untouch'd did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain;
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there is no fooling with the devil!
So wanton men, whilſt others they would fright,
Themſelves have met a real ſpright.

II.

I thought, I'll ſwear, an handſome lie
Had been no ſin at all in poetry;
But now I ſuffer an arreſt
For words were ſpoke by me in jeſt.
Dull, ſottiſh God of Love! and can it be
Thou underſtand'ſt not raillery?

III.

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme or the conceit,
Nor meant my verſe ſhould raiſed be
To this ſad fame of propheſy;
Truth gives a dull propriety to my ſtyle,
And all the metaphors does ſpoil.

IV.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dang'rous too cunningly to feign:
The play at laſt a truth does grow,
And cuſtom into nature go.
By this curs'd art of begging I became
Lame with counterfeiting lame.

V.

My lines of amorous deſire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the ſight;
But now by love, the mighty Phalaris! I
My Burning Bull the firſt do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I.

I NEVER yet could ſee that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's ſpace,
They all victorious be.
Love! thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one,
For ſure in me thy name is Legion.

II.

Colour or ſhape, good limbs or face;
Goodneſs or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in ſpeech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind;
And I'm ſo weak, the piſtol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

III.

If tall, the name of Proper ſlays;
If fair, ſhe is pleaſant as the light;
If low, her prettineſs does pleaſe;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, leſt it ſhould be
Th' excuſe to others for not loving me.

IV.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean with love makes me, too, ſo;
If ſtraight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Nay, Age itſelf does me to rage incline,
And ſtrength to women gives, as well as wine.

V.

Juſt half as large as Charity
My richly-landed love's become,
And judg'd aright is Conſtancy
Tho' it take up a larger room:
Him who loves always one, why ſhould they call
More conſtant than the man loves always all?

VI.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Thro' all Love's gardens and his fields,
And, like the wiſe induſtrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey ſtill ſpent this diligence ſtill ſupplies,
Tho' I return not home with laden thighs.

VII.

My ſoul at firſt indeed did prove
Of pretty ſtrength againſt a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my conſum'd and waſted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a ſtrong deſire,
Since that by every ſpark is ſet on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

I.

Great and wiſe Conqu'ror! who where'er
Thou com'ſt doſt fortify and ſettle there!

Who canſt defend as well as get,
And never hadſt one quarter beat up yet,
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquiſh'd heart;
For ſince thou took'ſt it by aſſault from me,
'Tis garriſon'd ſo ſtrong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

II.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I'd ſerv'd ere this an hundred Miſtreſſes.
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my pris'n to be a vagabond:
A pris'n in which I ſtill would be,
Tho' every door ſtood ope to me.
In ſpite both of thy coldneſs and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's ſide,
For only death can them divide.

III.

Cloſe, narrow chain, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which ſp'rits above to good does bind:
Gentle and ſweet neceſſity,
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!
Your love on me were ſpent in vain,
Since my love ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

I.

WITH more than Jewiſh reverence as yet
Do I the ſacred Name conceal;
When, ye kind Stars! ah! when will it be fit
This gentle myſt'ry to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we poſſeſs
That chriſt'ning as a badge of happineſs?

II.

So bold as yet no verſe of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muſe be ſeen,
Shall any ſtanza with it ſhine.
Reſt, mighty Name! till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

III.

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it ſhall be;
Then all the birds in ſev'ral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the rivers murmur thee;
Then ev'ry wind the ſound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper it to ſome angel's ear.

IV.

Then ſhall thy Name thro' all my verſe be ſpread,
Thick as the flow'rs in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As ſure, I think, they will not die)

If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that ſtamp ſhall quickly know the coin.

V.

Mean while I will not dare to make a Name
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough ſhould ſignify.
Aſtræa or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

I.

SEE where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune ſee
Th' attire thy ſorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears,
For ſhe'll ſtill come to dreſs herſelf in thee.

II.

As ſtars reflect on waters, ſo I ſpy
In ev'ry drop, methinks, her eye:
The baby which lives there, and always plays
In that illuſtrious ſphere,
Like a Narciſſus does appear,
Whilſt in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

III.

Ne'er yet did I behold ſo glorious weather
As this ſunſhine and rain together;

Pray Heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of ſnow,
(For ſome ſuch fountain we muſt find
To waters of ſo fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous ſtream below.

IV.

Ah! mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbec ſweat!
But what, alas! ah! what does it avail
That ſhe weeps tears ſo wondrous cold,
As ſcarce the aſs's-hoof can hold;
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

DISCRETION.

I.

Discreet? what means this word Diſcreet?
A curſe on all Diſcretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

II.

Jointure, portion, gold, eſtate,
Houſes, houſehold-ſtuff, or land,
(The low conveniencies of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers underſtand.

III.

Believe me, beauteous One! when love
Enters into a breaſt,
The two firſt things it does remove
Are friends and intereſt.

IV.

Paſſion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, ſcrup'lous eyes,
Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
One who in love were wiſe.

V.

Men in ſuch tempeſts toſs'd about
Will, without grief or pain,
Caſt all their goods and riches out,
Themſelves their port to gain.

VI.

As well might martyrs, who do chuſe
That ſacred death to take,
Mourn for the clothes which they muſt loſe,
When they're bound naked to the ſtake.

THE WAITING MAID.

I.

Thy Maid? Ah! find ſome nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low ſuſpect blaſpheme
The glories of thy face.

II.

Alas! ſhe makes thee ſhine ſo fair,
So exquiſitely bright,
That her dim lamp muſt diſappear
Before thy potent light.

III.

Three hours each morn in dreſſing thee
Maliciouſly are ſpent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That is elſe a civil government.

IV.

Th' adorning thee with ſo much art
Is but a barb'rous ſkill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

V.

The min'ſtring angels none can ſee;
'Tis not their beauty' or face
For which by men they worſhipp'd be,
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddeſs, my ſaint ſhe;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

I.

Ah! what advice can I receive?
No, ſatisfy me firſt;
For who would phyſic-potions give
To one that dies with thirſt?

II.

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill,
But when they're great the adverſe wind
Does make them greater ſtill.

III.

Now, whilſt you ſpeak, it moves me much,
But ſtraight I'm juſt the ſame;
Alas! the effect muſt needs be ſuch
Of cutting thro' a flame.

THE CURE.

I.

Come, Doctor! uſe thy rougheſt art,
Thou canſt not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my love.

II.

There is no danger; if the pain
Should me to a fever bring,
Compar'd with heats I now ſuſtain,
A fever is ſo cool a thing,
(Like drink which feveriſh men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

I.

Ask me not what my love ſhall do or be
(Love! which is ſoul to body, and ſoul of me)
When I am ſep'rated from thee,
Alas! I might as eas'ly ſhow
What after death the ſoul will do;
'Twill laſt, I'm ſure, and that is all we know.

II.

The thing call'd Soul will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a lifeleſs carcaſs prove,
For 'tis the body of my love;
Not that my love will fly away,
But ſtill continue, as they ſay
Sad troubled ghoſts about their graves do ſtray.

THE TREE.

I.

I CHOSE the flour'ſhing'ſt Tree in all the park,
With freſheſt boughs and faireſt head,
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days behold 'tis dead;
My very written flames ſo violent be,
They 'ave burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

II.

How ſhould I live myſelf, whoſe heart is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large hiſtory of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as ſtrange as Homer in the Nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

III.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The leaves and beauties all?
As a ſtrong poiſon with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall.

Love (I ſee now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye Birds and Nymphs! who lov'd this ſhade;
And pardon me, thou gentle Tree!
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And bleſſed omens hop'd from thee:
Notes of my love, thrive here, ſaid I, and grow,
And with ye let my love do ſo.

V.

Alas! poor Youth! thy love will never thrive!
This blaſted Tree predeſtines it;
Go, tie the diſmal knot, (why ſhouldſt thou live?)
And by the lines thou there haſt writ
Deform'dly hanging, the ſad picture be
To that unlucky hiſtory.

HER UNBELIEF.

I.

'Tis a ſtrange kind of ign'rance this in you,
That you your vict'ries ſhould not ſpy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as thoſe of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how nor who.

II.

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilſt all the people ſmell and ſee
The odorous flames I offer thee,

Thou ſitt'ſt, and doſt not ſee, nor ſmell, nor hear,
Thy conſtant zealous worſhipper.

III.

They ſee it too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to ſpy my love;
Nor does the cauſe in thy face clearlier ſhine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

IV.

Fair Infidel! by what unjuſt decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Muſt I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

V.

I by thy Unbelief am guiltleſs ſlain:
Oh! have but faith, and then that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It ſhall itſelf by a miracle maintain,
And raiſe me from the dead again.

VI.

Mean while my hopes may ſeem to be o'erthrown;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus diſpute, that ſince my heart,
Tho' in thy breaſt, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

I.

Come let's go on where Love and Youth does call;
I've ſeen too much if this be all.
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ign'rant poverty?
To ſhew ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and vex my want:
For Love to die an infant is leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood ſtill.

II.

We 'ave both ſate gazing only hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do.
The richeſt crop of joy is ſtill behind,
And he who only ſees in love is blind.
So at firſt Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' amour at laſt improv'd;
The ſtatue itſelf at laſt a woman grew,
And ſo at laſt, my Dear! ſhould you do too.

III.

Beauty to man the greateſt torture is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs;
Beyond the tyrannous pleaſures of the eye,
It grows too ſerious a cruelty,
Unleſs it heal as well as ſtrike;
I would not, Salamander-like,
In ſcorching heats always to live deſire,
But, like a martyr, paſs to heav'n thro' fire.

IV.

Mark how the luſty Sun ſalutes the Spring,
And gently kiſſes every thing:
His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,
Search all the treaſures, all the ſweets devour:
Then on the earth with bridegroom-heat,
He does ſtill new flow'rs beget:
The Sun himſelf, altho' all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleaſure than to ſee.

THE INCURABLE.

I.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but found
Love made them nonſenſe all:
I apply'd receipts of bus'neſs to my wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recall.

II.

As well might men who in a fever fry
Mathematic doubts debate;
As well might men, who mad in darkneſs lie,
Write the diſpatches of a ſtate.

III.

I try'd devotion, ſermons, frequent prayer,
But thoſe did worſe than uſeleſs prove;
For pray'rs are turn'd to ſin in thoſe who are
Out of charity, or in love.

IV.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care,
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire:

Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the defire.

V.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleafant companies;
My mirth did gracelefs and infipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rife.

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for it, at laft I try'd
'Gainft this fome new defire to ftir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I efpy'd
Some faint refemblances of her.

VII.

The phyfic made me worfe with which I ftrove
This mortal ill to' expel,
As wholefome med'cines the difeafe improve
There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

I.

She loves, and fhe confeffes too,
There's then, at laft, no more to do:
The happy work is entirely done,
Enter the town, which thou haft won;
The fruits of conqueft now begin;
Iö, triumph! enter in.

II.

What is this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there ftill an enemy?

Bold Honour ſtands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?

III.

Noiſy Nothing! ſtalking Shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms!
But I ſhall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilſhip to remove
From this circle here of love.

IV.

Sure I ſhall rid myſelf of thee
By the night's obſcurity,
And obſcurer ſecrecy:
Unlike to every other ſpright,
Thou attempt'ſt not men to' affright,
Nor appear'ſt but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

I.

Tho' all thy geſtures and diſcourſes be
Coin'd and ſtamp'd by Modeſty,
Tho' from thy tongue ne'er ſlipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not ſay,
Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace,
In all thy ſpeech appear,

That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat thro' every part,
That thou a tempter worſe than Satan art.

II.

Tho' in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have been
So much as of original ſin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſs'd ſaints excite:
Thou with ſtrange adultery
Doſt in each breaſt a brothel keep;
Awake, all men do luſt for thee,
And ſome enjoy thee when they ſleep.
Ne'er before did woman live
Who to ſuch multitudes did give
The root and cauſe of ſin but only Eve.

III.

Tho' in thy breaſt ſo quick a pity be,
That a fly's death is a wound to thee;
Tho' ſavage and rock-hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'n romances' woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are whole thine own,
Thou 'rt principal and inſtrument;
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of tort'rer, and of weapon too.

IV.

Thou lovely inſtrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleaſant, univerſal ill,
Which ſweet as health, yet like a plague doſt kill!
Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaſte committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary deſtiny,
Which no man can or would eſcape!
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the deſtroying angels are.

DIALOGUE.

I.

SHE. WHAT have we done? what cruel paſſion mov'd thee
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou haſt robb'd, but what art thou
Thyſelf the richer now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhort-liv'd pleaſure;
So ſoon is ſpent and gone this thy ill-gotten treaſure.

II.

HE. We 'ave done no harm, nor was it theft in me,
But nobleſt charity in thee.
I'll the well-gotten pleaſure
Safe in my mem'ry treaſure;
What tho' the flower itſelf do waſte,
The eſſence from it drawn does long and ſweeter laſt.

III.

SHE. No; I'm undone; my honour thou haſt ſlain,
And nothing can reſtore it again:
Art and labour to beſtow
Upon the carcaſs of it now,
Is but to embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty's fled.

IV.

HE. Never, my Dear! was honour yet undone
By love, but indiſcretion.
To the wiſe it all things does allow,
And cares not what we do, but how;
Like tapers ſhut in ancient urns,
Unleſs it let in air, for ever ſhines and burns.

V.

SHE. Thou firſt, perhaps, who didſt the fault com-
Wilt make thy wicked boaſt of it: [mit,
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conqueſt do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect vict'ry gain'd,
Unleſs they thro' the ſtreets their captive lead en-

VI. [chain'd.

HE. Whoe'er his ſecret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made.
Beſide, what boaſt is left for me,
Whoſe whole wealth is a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conqu'ror are, 'tis you
Who have not ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me too.

VII.

SHE. Tho' public pun'ſhment we eſcape, the ſin
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and, ſin our boſom bears,
And tho' fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waſte,
When long it has gnaw'd within will break the ſkin at laſt.

VIII.

HE. That thirſty drink, that hungry food I ſought,
That wounded balm, is all my fault;
And thou in pity didſt apply
The kind and only remedy:
The cauſe abſolves the crime; ſince me
So mighty force did move, ſo mighty goodneſs thee.

IX.

SHE. Curſe on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now,
And yet I'm ſure I love thee too!
I'm angry, but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou haſt this day undone me quite,
Yet wilt undo me more ſhouldſt thou not come at night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

I.

As ſoon hereafter will I Wagers lay
'Gainſt what an oracle ſhall ſay:
Fool that I was! to venture to deny
A tongue ſo us'd to victory!

A tongue ſo bleſs'd by Nature and by Art,
That never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an heart;
Tho' what you ſaid had not been true,
If ſpoke by any elſe but you:
Your ſpeech will govern Deſtiny,
And Fate will change rather than you ſhould lie.

II.

'Tis true, if human reaſon were the guide,
Reaſon, methinks, was on my ſide;
But that's a guide, alas! we muſt reſign,
When th' authority's divine.
She ſaid, ſhe ſaid herſelf, it would be ſo,
And I, bold unbeliever, anſwer'd No.
Never ſo juſtly, ſure, before,
Error the name of Blindneſs bore,
For whatſoe'er the queſtion be,
There's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

III.

If Truth itſelf (as other angels do
When they deſcend to human view)
In a material form would deign to ſhine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine:
So dazz'ling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear,
Happy the eye which Truth could ſee
Cloath'd in a ſhape like thee,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy ſhape naked like Truth eſpy!

IV.

Yet this loſt Wager coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me pow'r to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to rehearſe!
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has ſuch a ſov'reign right to it,
That no man's Muſe for public vent is free,
Till ſhe has paid her cuſtoms firſt to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

I.

THE fiſh around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'rous fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be
As ſhe at firſt took me:
For ne'er did light ſo clear
Among the waves appear,
Tho' ev'ry night the Sun himſelf ſet there.

II.

Why to mute fiſh ſhouldſt thou thyſelf diſcover,
And not to me, thy no leſs ſilent lover?
As ſome from men their buried gold commit
To ghoſts, that have no uſe of it!

Half their rich treaſures ſo
Maids bury, and for ought we know
(Poor Ignorants!) they 're mermaids all below.

III.

The am'rous waves would fain about her ſtay,
But ſtill new am'rous waves drive them away,
And with ſwift current to thoſe joys they haſte,
That do as ſwiftly waſte;
I laugh'd the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas! at land ſo too,
And ſtill old lovers yield the place to new.

IV.

Kiſs her, and, as you part, you am'rous Waves!
(My happier rivals, and my fellow ſlaves)
Point to your flow'ry banks, and to her ſhow
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth coſt,
And how your uſe and beauty's loſt,
When rig'rous Winter binds you up with froſt.

V.

Tell her her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haſte without ſtop to a devouring ſea,
Where they will mix'd and undiſtinguiſh'd lie
With all the meaneſt things that die:
As in the ocean thou
No privilege doſt know
Above th' impureſt ſtreams that thither flow.

VI.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her ſad,
Tell her there is yet one rem'dy to be had;
Shew her how thou, tho' long ſince paſt, doſt find
Thyſelf yet ſtill behind.
Marriage, ſay to her, will bring
About the ſelf-ſame thing:
But ſhe, fond Maid! ſhuts and ſeals up the ſpring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

I.

It is enough; enough of time and pain
Haſt thou conſum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyſelf with ſhadows to deceive;
Think that already loſt which thou muſt never gain.

II.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years,
(Toſs'd in ſtorms of hopes and fears)
Like helpleſs ſhips that be
Set on fire i' th' midſt o' the ſea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in tears.

III.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one ſtar in heav'n offers to take thy part.

IV.

If e'er I clear my heart from this deſire,
If e'er it home to its breaſt retire,
It ne'er ſhall wander more about,
'Tho' thouſand beauties call'd it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

V.

The pox, the plague, and ev'ry ſmall diſeaſe,
May come as oft' as ill Fate pleaſe;
But Death and Love are never found
To give a ſecond wound:
We 're by thoſe ſerpents bit, but we 're devour'd by theſe.

VI.

Alas! what comfort is it that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since ſuch an enemy needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only ſack'd, but quite burnt down the town.

ODES.

ODE. OF WIT.

I.

Tell me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who maſter art of it:
For the firſt matter loves variety leſs,
Leſs women love it, either in love or dreſs:
A thouſand different ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears;
Yonder we ſaw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like ſpirits in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vends of falſe ware ſo much ſtore,
In no ware deceives us more:
For men, led by the colour and the ſhape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do thro' our judgment paſs,
As thro' a multiplying glaſs;
And ſometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a ſtar.

III.

Hence 'tis a Wit, that greateſt word of Fame,
Grows ſuch a common name;
And wits by our creation they become,
Juſt ſo as tit'lar biſhops made at Rome.

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jeſt,
Admir'd with laughter at a feaſt,
Nor florid talk which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs verſes meet
With their five gouty feet:
All ev'ry where, like man's, muſt be the ſoul,
And reaſon the inferior pow'rs control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The ſtones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we ſee
No towns or houſes rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That ſhows more coſt than art.
Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i' th' ſky,
If thoſe be ſtars which paint the Galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe,
Jeſts for Dutchmen and Engliſh boys;
In which who finds out Wit, the ſame may ſee
In an'grams and acroſtics poetry.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;

Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The author bluſh there where the reader muſt.

VII.

'Tis not ſuch lines as almoſt crack the ſtage,
When Bajazet begins to rage:
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombaſt way,
Nor the dry chips of ſhort-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force ſome odd ſimilitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things muſt be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the Ark, join'd without force or ſtrife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which without diſcord or confuſion lie,
In that ſtrange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myſelf, ſure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen,
And if any aſk me then
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,
I'll only ſhew your lines, and ſay 'Tis this.

ODE.

I.

Here's to thee, Dick; this whining love deſpiſe;
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'ſt wiſe.
It ſparkles brighter far than ſhe;
'Tis pure and right, without deceit,
And ſuch no woman e'er will be:
No; they are all ſophiſticate.

II.

With all thy ſervile pains what canſt thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly ſin?
A thing ſo vile, and ſo ſhort-liv'd,
That Venus' joys as well as ſhe
With reaſon may be ſaid to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty, move,
Whom would it ere perſuade to court and love,
Could he a woman's heart have ſeen,
(But, oh! no light does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay ſhut up in her womb?

IV.

Follies they have ſo numberleſs in ſtore,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their ſighs nor tears are true;
Thoſe idly blow, theſe idly fall,

Nothing like to our's at all:
But ſighs and tears have ſexes too.

V.

Here's to thee again; thy ſenſeleſs ſorrows drown'd,
Let the glaſs walk till all things, too, go round;
Again; till theſe two lights be four;
No error here can dang'rous prove;
Thy paſſion, man! deceiv'd thee more;
None double ſee like men in love.

ODE, IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus, &c. Lib. I. ode v.

I.

To whom now, Pyrrha! art thou kind?
To what heart-raviſh'd lover
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich cabinet?

II.

Ah! ſimple Youth! how oft' will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo cameleon-like an hue,
That ſtill their colour changes with it too?

III.

How oft', alas! will he admire
The blacknefs of the fkies?
Trembling to hear the winds found high'r
And fee the billows rife:
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at fea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calmy funfhine now,
And no breath ftirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No fmalleft cloud appears.
He fees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trufts the faithlefs April of thy May.

V.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy! he
T' whom thou untry'd doft fhine!
But there is no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's fhrine,
In witnefs of the fhipwreck paft,
My confecrated veffel hangs at laft.

ODE ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

I.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did fubmit
To all the tyrannies of it:
Ah! cruel Sex! will you depofe us too in wit?

Orinda does in that, too, reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
We our old title plead in vain;
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore;
In Beauty's camp it was not known;
Too many arms beſides that conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' aſſault a ſtubborn town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own artillery.

II.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
Did that, and not the ſoul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, Orinda! if in thee
A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field,
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe that it does yield.
As when the happy gods above
Meet all together at a feaſt,

A ſecret joy unſpeakably does move
In their great mother Cybele's contented breaſt:
With no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhouldſt ſee
This thy no leſs immortal progeny:
And in their birth thou no one touch doſt find
Of th' ancient curſe to womankind;
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain;
It neither travail is, nor labour of the brain:
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' exhauſted and unfathom'd womb,
That, like the Holland Counteſs, thou may'ſt bear
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

III.

Thou doſt my wonder, would'ſt my envy raiſe.
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where'er I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical;
For as in angels, we
Do in thy verſes ſee
Both improv'd ſexes eminently meet;
They are than man more ſtrong, and more than woman ſweet.

IV.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft' I'm ſure in vain:
They talk of Sappho, but, alas! the ſhame!
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her fame.
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That, like a lanthorn's fair incloſed light,
It thro' the paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and friendſhip, and the gen'rous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond diſeaſe,
Like that of girls, our vicious ſtomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive ſubjects of her pen,
And as the Roman victory
Taught our rude land arts and civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters men.

V.

But Rome, with all her arts, could ne'er inſpire
A female breaſt with ſuch a fire.
The warlike Amazonian train,
Who in Elyſium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſettled in their ſex by her.
Merlin the ſeer (and ſure he would not lie
In ſuch a ſacred company)
Does propheſies of learn'd Orinda ſhow,
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago.

Ev'n Boadicea's angry ghoſt
Forgets her own misfortune and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd daughters now does boaſt,
That Rome is o'ercome at laſt by a woman of her race.

ODE,

Upon occaſion of

A COPY OF VERSES

OF MY LORD BROGHILL.

I.

Be gone, ſaid I, ingrateful Muſe! and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me:
Since I grew man, and wiſer ought to be,
My bus'neſs and my hopes I left for thee;
For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away)
I left, ev'n when a boy, my play.
But ſay, ingrateful Miſtreſs! ſay,
What for all this, what didſt thou ever pay?
Thou'lt ſay, perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of lands where thou doſt trade,
And I as well my country might upbraid,
Becauſe I have no vineyard there.
Well; but in love thou doſt pretend to reign,
There thine the power and lordſhip is;
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.
I, like a fool, did thee obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain;

For after all my' expenſe of wit and pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the prize away.

II.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me fame;
Bounty immenſe! and that, too, muſt be try'd
When I myſelf am nothing but a name.
Who now, what reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt we' are alive?
For when a poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And ev'ry part of him they wound;
Happy the man that gives the deepeſt blow;
And this is all, kind Muſe! to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took,
And out at window threw
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew,
Homer himſelf went with them too,
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred Mantuan book:
I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay, and I think, I ſwore,
That I no more the ground would till and ſow,
Where only flow'ry weeds inſtead of corn did grow.

III.

When (ſee the ſubtle ways which Fate does find
Rebellious man to bind,
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)

The Muſe came in more cheerful than before,
And bade me quarrel with her now no more.
" Lo, thy reward! look here and ſee,
" What I have made," ſaid ſhe,
" My lover, and belov'd, my Broghill! do for thee.
" Tho' thy own verſe no laſting fame can give,
" Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.
" What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,
" Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
" Will dare t' oppoſe thee, when
" Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conqu'ring pen?"
I roſe, and bow'd my head,
And pardon aſk'd for all that I had ſaid,
Well ſatisfy'd and proud,
I ſtraight reſolv'd, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
That from her ſervice now I ne'er would part;
So ſtrongly large rewards work on a grateful heart.

IV.

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping ſpirits can raiſe,
As praiſes from the men whom all men praiſe:
'Tis the beſt cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th' ingredients can compoſe:
A cordial that reſtores our fainting breath,
And keeps up life even after death:
The only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a remedy;
Leſt, in removing cold it ſhould beget
Too violent a heat,

And into madneſs turn the lethargy.
Ah! gracious God! that I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o'erheat with praiſe!
But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

V.

'Tis ſaid Apelles, when he Venus drew,
Did naked women for his pattern view,
And with his pow'rful fancy did refine
Their human ſhapes into a form divine;
None who had ſat could her own picture ſee,
Or ſay one part was drawn for me:
So tho' this nobler painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a cauſe, but an occaſion to his wit;
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, ſince I,
Inſtead of my own likeneſs, only find
The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

ODE. MR. COWLEY'S BOOK

preſenting itſelf to the

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

I.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! hail, the ſacred Ark
Where all the world of Science does embark!

Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Time's devouring flood.
Hail, tree of Knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford! the Muses' Paradise,
From which may never sword the bless'd expel.
Hail! Bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!
Hail! Wit's illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail! living University of the dead!

II.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which e'er
The mighty linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty traveller,
That could speak, or this could hear;
Majestic monument and pyramid,
Where still the shapes of parted souls abide,
Emblam'd in verse, exalted Souls! which now
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all wonders plainly see
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your sacred throng admit
The meanest British wit?
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame!
Will you not murmur and disdain

That I a place among you claim,
The humbleſt Deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament which here
Your noble priſoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty?
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain is a paſſport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a ſeat in heav'n
Is to an unmalicious ſinner giv'n,
Who caſting round his wond'ring eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apoſtles there eſpy,
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And ſaints who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties paſt, and ſins;
He doubts almoſt his ſtation there,
His Soul ſays to itſelf, How came I here?
It fares no otherwiſe with me,
When I myſelf, with conſcious wonder, ſee
Amidſt this purify'd elected company:
With hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain:

No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think Predeſtination only was my friend.

V.

Ah! that my author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a place and ſuch a company!
Inſtead of ſev'ral countries, ſev'ral men,
And buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall eſtate
Which Nature ſparingly did to him give;
He might, perhaps, have thriven then,
And ſettled upon me, his child, ſomewhat to live.
It had happier been for him as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We Books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt converſation:
For tho' ſome errors will get in,
Like tinctures of orig'nal ſin,
Yet, ſure, we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the ſtrength and ſpirit of it,
Leaving the groſſer parts for converſation,
As the beſt blood of man is employ'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the reliques of Sir Francis Drake's ſhip.

I.

Cheer up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow;
Clap on more ſail, and never ſpare;

Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide ſea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me! 'tis hot: another bowl of wine,
And we ſhall cut the burning line.
Hey, Boys! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know
We round the world are ſailing now.
What dull men are thoſe who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy, too,
Such countries and wonders as I do?
But, prithee, good Pilot! take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru;
With gold there the veſſel we'll ſtore,
And never, and never be poor;
No, never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may witches ride
Their fancy'd journies in the air,
As I ſail round the ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee
For all its quiet now and gravity,
Has wander'd and has travell'd more
Than ever beaſt, or fiſh, or bird, or ever tree, before.
In ev'ry air and ev'ry ſea it has been,
It has compaſs'd all the earth, and all the heav'ns it
Let not the Pope's itſelf with this compare; [has ſeen.
This is the only univerſal Chair.

III.

The pious wand'rer's fleet, ſav'd from the flame,
(Which did the reliques ſtill of Troy purſue,
And took them for its due)
A ſquadron of immortal nymphs became;
Still with their arms they row about the ſeas,
And ſtill make new and greater voyages:
Nor has the firſt poetic ſhip of Greece
(Tho' now a ſtar ſhe ſo triumphant ſhow,
And guide her ſailing ſucceſſors below,
Bright as her ancient freight, the ſhining Fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of heav'n ſtill carries her around:
Only Drake's ſacred veſſel, which before
Had done, and had ſeen more
Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince they goddeſſes and this a ſtar has been,
As a reward for all her labour paſt,
Is made the ſeat of reſt at laſt.
Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'ſt abroad the world to ſee,
Let the world now come to ſee thee.

IV.

The world will do it; for curioſity
Does, no leſs than devotion, pilgrims make;
And I myſelf, who now love quiet, too,
As much, almoſt, as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take
An old wheel of that chariot to ſee

Which Phaeton so rashly brake:
Yet what could that say more than these remains of Drake?
Great Relique! thou, too, in this port of ease,
Hast still one way of making voyages;
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
(The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the sun.
The Straights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiscover'd sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity;
Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

ODE UPON DR. HARVEY.

I.

Cor Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grown,
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took sanctu'ry, like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover stopp'd, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch;
But Harvey! our Apollo, stopp'd not so;
Into the bark and root he after her did go:
No smallest fibres of a plant,
For which the eyebeam's point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? thro' all the moving wood

Of lives endow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight;
Harvey purſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight:
But as the deer long hunted takes a flood,
She leap'd at laſt into the winding ſtreams of blood;
Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the Heart ſhe ſtay'd,
Where turning head, and at a bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was ſhe o'erheard to ſay:

II.

" Here, ſure, ſhall I be ſafe," ſaid ſhe,
" None will be able, ſure, to ſee
" This my retreat, but only he
" Who made both it and me.
" The Heart of man what art can e'er reveal?
" A wall impervious between
" Divides the very parts within,
" And doth the Heart of man ev'n from itſelf conceal."
She ſpoke; but ere ſhe was aware
Harvey was with her there,
And held this ſlipp'ry Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty myſteries he deſcry'd,
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide,
Was the firſt thing that Nature did in vain.

III.

He the young practice of new Life did ſee,
Whilſt, to conceal its toilſome poverty,
It for a living wrought both hard and privately.

Before the liver underſtood
The noble ſcarlet dye of blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to ſet up the trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful march to vital heat,
From all the ſouls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or ſea, or air,
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabric does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need:
He ſo exactly does the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

IV.

Thus Harvey ſought for truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures, which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on the original itſelf to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others ſtand
Lock'd up together hand in hand,
Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantaſtic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground:
Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood had been untrodden yet.

Great Doctor! the art of curing's cur'd by thee;
We now thy patient, Phyſic, ſee
From all inveterate diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air;
It now will ſtrong and healthful prove;
Itſelf before lethargic lay, and could not move.

V.

Theſe uſeful ſecrets to his pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow,
Of which a barb'rous war's unlearned rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age.
O cruel loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
With ſo much coſt and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought,
Had ſunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O curſed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To rebuild Paul's than any work of his.
That mighty taſk none but himſelf can do;
Nay, ſcarce himſelf, too, now;
For tho' his wit the force of Age withſtand,
His body, alas! and time, it muſt command,
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs'd,
Will, ſure, have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS, OUT OF CATULLUS.

Acmen Septimius suos amores
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

"My dearest Acme! if I be
"Once alive, and love not thee
"With a passion far above
"All that e'er was called love,
"In a Lybian desert may
"I become some lion's prey;
"Let him, Acme! let him tear
"My breast, when Acme is not there."

The god of Love, who stood to hear him,
(The god of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,

And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling eyes.

" My little Life! my all!" ſaid ſhe,
" So may we ever ſervants be
" To this beſt god, and ne'er retain
" Our hated liberty again;
" So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
" As I a paſſion have for thee,
" Greater and fiercer much than can
" Be conceiv'd by thee, a man;
" Into my marrow is it gone,
" Fix'd and ſettled in the bone;
" It reigns not only in my heart,
" But runs, like life, thro' ev'ry part."

She ſpoke; the god of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the augury.

This good omen, thus from heav'n,
Like a happy ſignal giv'n,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.

To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing elſe but Acme grow)
Acme's boſom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all humankind.

If the gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd, for once, by me,
I'd adviſe 'em, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe,
To reward him, if it be he,
With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

ODE UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

RESTORATION AND RETURN.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro. VIRG.

I.

Now bleſſings on you all, ye peaceful Stars!
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpenſe
Your univerſal gentle influence
To calm the ſtormy world, and ſtill the rage of wars.

Nor whilſt around the Continent
Plenipotentiary beams ye ſent,
Did your pacific lights diſdain,
In their large treaty, to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Your ſev'n fair brethren of great Charles his Wane;
No ſtar amongſt ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous aſſiſtance give
As that which thirty years ago,
At Charles his birth *, did, in deſpight
Of the proud Sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreſhow:
No leſs effects than theſe we may
Be' aſſur'd of from that pow'rful ray
Which could outface the ſun, and overcome the day.

II.

Auſpicious Star! again ariſe,
And take thy noon-tide ſtation in the ſkies;
Again all heav'n prodigiouſly adorn,
For, lo! thy Charles again is born:
He then was born with and to pain,
With and to joy he is born again:
And wiſely for this ſecond birth,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The land with full and flouriſhing happineſs,

* The ſtar that appeared at noon the day of the King's birth, juſt as the King his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that bleſſing.

Thou mad'ſt of that fair month thy choice,
In which heav'n, air, and ſea, and earth,
And all that is in them all does ſmile and does rejoice.
It was a right ſeaſon, and the very ground
Ought with a face of Paradiſe to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that bleſſed Pair be-
Which the abuſed people fondly ſold [hold,
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By ſeeking all like gods to be?
Will Peace her halcyon neſt venture to build
Upon a ſhore with ſhipwrecks fill'd,
And truſt that ſea where ſhe can hardly ſay,
She has known, theſe twenty years, one calmy day?
Ah! mild and galleſs Dove!
Which doſt the pure and candid dwellings love,
Canſt thou in Albion ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it White?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In theſe deformed ruins? will ſhe clear
Th' Augæan ſtables of her churches here?
Will Juſtice hazard to be ſeen,
Where a high-court of juſtice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic ſcene,
And Bradſhaw's bloody ghoſt, affright her there,
Her who ſhall never fear?

Then may Whitehall for Charles his ſeat be fit,
If Juſtice ſhall endure at Weſtminſter to ſit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell! which does freſhly ſtill
The curſes of ſo many ſuff'rers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt, as a tempeſt carried him away,
Some hurricane ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great ſerpent, which was all a tail,
(And in his pois'nous folds whole nations pris'ners made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye Sacred Four!
And dread your periſh'd enemies no more;
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain,
Whilſt you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you, reſtore;
Nor ſhall the world him only call
Defender of the Faith, but of ye all.

V.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to ev'ry port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.

Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet ſound,
The Arts encompaſs you around,
And, againſt all alarms of fear,
Safety itſelf brings up the rear:
And in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at laſt does ſtand
(Oh! righteous God!) on his own happy land.
'Tis happy now, which could with ſo much eaſe,
Recover from ſo deſp'rate a diſeaſe;
A various complicated ill,
Whoſe ev'ry ſymptom was enough to kill,
In which one part of three frenzy poſſeſs'd,
And lethargy the reſt.
'Tis happy which no bleeding does endure,
A ſurfeit of ſuch blood to cure.
'Tis happy which beholds the flame,
In which by hoſtile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heav'n it came,
It did but well deſerve, all into bonefire turn.

VI.

We fear'd (and almoſt touch'd the black degree
Of inſtant expectation)
That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, ſword, and plague, ſhould here eſtabliſh'd
(God's great triumvirate of deſolation) [ſee;
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful nation.
Juſtly might Heav'n Protectors ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch Committees, for their ſafety' impoſe
Upon a land which ſcarcely better choſe.

We fear'd that the Fanatic war,
Which men againſt God's houſes did declare,
Would from th' almighty enemy bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our own.
We read th' inſtructive hiſtories, which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befel
The ſacred Town which God had lov'd ſo well,
After that fatal curſe had once been ſaid,
"His blood be upon ours, and on our children's head."
We knew, tho' there a greater blood was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with greater guilt.
We know thoſe mis'ries did befal,
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that Prince whom all
The reſt of mankind did the Love and Joy of mankind call.

VII.

Already was the ſhaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Ev'n to the laſt of ills, annihilation,
When in the midſt of this confuſed night,
Lo! the bleſs'd Spirit mov'd, and "there was light:"
For in the glorious General's previous ray
We ſaw a new-created day:
We by it ſaw, tho' yet in miſts it ſhone,
The beauteous work of order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good ſucceſs
Sign his allowance of their wickedneſs?

Vain Men! who thought the divine Power to find
In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt;
In the ſtill voice of Peace he came at laſt.
The cruel buſineſs of deſtruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done.
Here, here we ſee th' Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we ſee it, and by the [ſpeed.

VIII.

He who had ſeen the noble Britiſh heir,
Ev'n in that ill diſadvantageous light
With which Misfortune ſtrives t' abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his cloud ſo bright;
He who had ſeen the double pair
Of brothers, heav'nly good, and ſiſters, heav'nly fair,
Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with eaſe,
(But wicked men ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The pious King's eclipſed right.
He who had ſeen how, by the Power divine,
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without conſuming, ſhine;
How thro' a rough Red ſea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed;
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderneſs,
And yet did never murmur or repine,
Might, methinks, plainly underſtand

That, after all these conquer'd trials past,
Th' Almighty mercy would, at last,
Conduct them, with a strong unerring hand,
To their own promis'd land:
For all the glories of the earth
Ought to be' entail'd by right of birth,
And all Heav'n's blessings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was giv'n
The double royalty of earth and heav'n,
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

IX.

The martyrs' blood was said, of old, to be
The seed from whence the church did grow:
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow,
Becomes no less the seed of royalty:
'Twas in dishonour sown,
We find it now in glory grown:
The grave could but the dross of it devour:
'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis rais'd in pow'r.
We now the question well decided see,
Which Eastern wits did once contest
At the great monarch's feast,
"Of all on earth what things the strongest be?"
And some for women, some for wine did plead;
That is, for folly and for rage,
Two things which we have known, indeed,
Strong in this latter age:

But as 'tis prov'd by heav'n at length,
The King and Truth have greateſt ſtrength;
When they their ſacred force unite,
And twine into one right,
No frantic common-wealths or tyrannies,
No cheats, and perjuries, and lies,
No nets of human policies,
No ſtores of arms or gold, (tho' you could join
Thoſe of Peru to the great London mine)
No towns, no fleets by ſea, or troops by land,
No deeply entrench'd iſlands can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring,
Againſt the naked Truth, and the unarmed King.

X.

The fooliſh lights which travellers beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No art ſo far can upon Nature win,
As ere to put out ſtars, or long keep meteors in.
Where is now that *ignis fatuus* which, erewhile,
Miſled our wand'ring iſle?
Where is the impoſtor Cromwell gone?
Where is now that falling ſtar, his ſon?
Where is the large comet now, whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our monarchy became?
Which o'er our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vaſt length extend,
And twice, for want of fuel, did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal fire;

Tho' long the tail, we ſaw at laſt its end:
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away.
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
Firſt ſtrike our raviſh'd ſight,
Which malice or which art no more could ſtay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the reſuſcitation of the day,
Or reſurrection of the ſpring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the preceding winter and the night.

XI.

Man ought his future happineſs to fear,
If he be always happy here;
He wants the bleeding mark of grace,
The circumciſion of the choſen race.
If no one part of him ſupplies
The duty of a ſacrifice,
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd entire,
As a whole victim for the fire.
Beſides, ev'n in this world below,
To thoſe who never did ill fortune know,
The good does nauſeous or inſipid grow.
Conſider man's whole life, and you'll confeſs,
The ſharp ingredient of ſome bad ſucceſs
Is that which gives the taſte to all his happineſs.

But the true method of felicity,
Is when the worſt
Of human life is plac'd the firſt,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cauſe of perfecting the man.
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave ſecond and Triarian band
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand:
The firſt we may defeated ſee,
The virtue and the force of theſe are ſure of victory.

XII.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we ſee
Begin their glorious march with thee;
Long may their march to heav'n, and ſtill triumphant [be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never ſhall o'ertake thee more.
To ſee it again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look behind.
Things which offend, when preſent, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight.
Enjoy, then, all thy' afflictions now;
Thy royal father's came at laſt;
Thy martyrdom is already paſt,
And diff'rent crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
As a choice medal for heav'n's treaſury,
God did ſtamp firſt, upon one ſide of thee,
The image of his ſuffering humanity;

On th' other ſide, turn'd now to ſight, does ſhine
The glorious image of his power divine.

XIII.

So when the wiſeſt poets ſeek,
In all their liveliest colours, to ſet forth
A picture of heroic worth,
(The pious Trojan, or the prudent Greek)
They chuſe ſome comely prince of heav'nly birth,
(No proud gigantic ſon of earth,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the gods' forbidden ſeat)
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be ate,
But in the cold of want, and ſtorms of adverſe chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees;
The beauteous drop firſt into ice does freeze,
And into ſolid cryſtal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does ſee,
And from his flaming country flee.
Much is he toſs'd at ſea, and much at land,
Does long the force of angry gods withſtand:
He does long troubles and long wars ſuſtain,
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no leſs time or labour can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a man,
Who is with ſufficient virtue fill'd,
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor without cauſe are arms from heav'n
To ſuch a hero by the poets giv'n.

No human metal is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the helmet, breaſtplate, ſhield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield;
And all the weapons Malice e'er could try,
Of all the ſeveral makes of wicked Policy,
Againſt this armour ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like ſwords of ice, in thouſand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren ſpirits above,
No ſhow on earth can, ſure, ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they great misfortunes ſee
With courage borne, and decency.
So were they borne, when Worc'ſter's diſmal day
Did all the terrors of black Fate diſplay;
So were they borne, when no diſguiſe's cloud
His inward royalty could ſhrowd:
And one of th' angels whom juſt God did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A troop of angels did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me, in a viſion, th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?)
Did then more greatneſs in him ſee,
More luſtre and more majeſty,
Than all his coronation pomp can ſhew to human eye.

XV.

Him and his royal brothers when I ſaw
New marks of honour and of glory
From their affronts and ſufferings draw,
And look like heav'nly ſaints ev'n in their purgatory,

Methoughts I ſaw the three Judean youths,
(Three unhurt martyrs for the nobleſt truths)
In the Chaldean furnace walk;
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is ſing'd, no ſmalleſt beauty blaſted;
Like painted lamps they ſhine unwaſted.
The greedy fire itſelf dares not be fed
With the bleſs'd oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does, like a glory, compaſs them around,
And their whole bodies crown'd.
What are thoſe two bright creatures which we ſee
Walk with the royal three
In the ſame ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inſpire?
Sure they the beauteous ſiſters are,
Who, whilſt they ſeek to bear their ſhare,
Will ſuffer no affliction to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe three of old was ſhown;
To ſolace with their company
The fiery trials of adverſity,
Two angels join with theſe, the others had but one.

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye Men of God belov'd!
And let the pow'r now of that flame,
Which againſt you ſo impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.

Come, mighty Charles! deſire of nations! come;
Come, you triumphant Exile! home.
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice;
I hear th' united people's ſacred voice;
The ſea, which circles us around,
Ne'er ſent to land ſo loud a ſound;
The mighty ſhout ſends to the ſea a gale,
And ſwells up ev'ry ſail;
The bells and guns are ſcarcely heard at all,
The artificial joy is drowned by the natural.
All England but one bonfire ſeems to be,
One Ætna ſhooting flames into the ſea.
The ſtarry worlds, which ſhine to us afar,
Take our's at this time for a ſtar.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits flow;
And we, the prieſts of a poetic rage,
Wonder that, in this Golden Age,
The rivers, too, ſhould not do ſo.
There is no Stoic, ſure, who would not now,
Ev'n ſome exceſs allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of diſmal melancholy.

XVII.

Where is now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty ſhare
In this ſo raviſhing ſight,
And with the part ſhe takes to add to the delight?

Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always beft, and now the happieft queen,
To fee our joy, and with new joy be feen?
God has a bright example made of thee,
To fhew that womankind may be
Above that fex which her fuperior feems,
In wifely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great felicity.
How well thofe different virtues thee become,
Daughter of Triumphs! wife of Martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with fo much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With fo much goodnefs us'd Felicity,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee;
'Tis come, and feen to-day in all its bravery.

XVIII.

Who is that heroic perfon leads it on
And gives it, like a glorious bride,
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy fon?
'Tis the good General, the man of praife,
Whom God at laft, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthralled nation raife,
Their great Zerubbabel to be,
To loofe the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city.
For ever blefs'd may he and his remain,
Who, with a vaft, tho' lefs-appearing gain,

Preferr'd the ſolid great above the vain,
And to the world this princely truth has ſhown,
That more 'tis to reſtore than to uſurp a crown.
Thou worthieſt perſon of the Britiſh ſtory,
(Tho' 'tis not ſmall the Britiſh glory)
Did I not know my humble verſe muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world ſhould ſee
How much my Muſe, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praiſe her labour and deſign;
An Iliad or an Æneid ſhould be thine.

XIX.

And ill ſhould we deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, great Patriots! of the two
Moſt truly other Houſes now,
Who have redeem'd from hatred, and from ſhame,
A Parliament's once venerable name;
And now the title of a Houſe reſtore,
To that which was but ſlaughterhouſe before.
If my advice, ye Worthies! might be ta'en,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your living preſence graces,
Your marble ſtatues always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful memory,
And to your ſucceſſors the example be
Of Truth, Religion, Reaſon, Loyalty.

For tho' a firmly-ſettled peace
May ſhortly make your public labours ceaſe,
The grateful nation will with joy conſent
That in this ſenſe you ſhould be ſaid
(Tho' yet the name ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the Long, the endleſs, parliament.

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

I.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her ſeat;
Her proper place, her only ſcene,
Is in the golden mean;
She lives not with the poor nor with the great;
The wings of thoſe Neceſſity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's Bridewell whipt
To the laborious taſk of bread;
Theſe are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reigns, and ſpurs them, like th' unruly horſe;
And ſervile Av'rice yokes them now,
Like toilſome oxen, to the plough;
And ſometimes Luſt, like the miſguiding light,
Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From theſe inſulting paſſions free,
Yet we ev'n thoſe, too, fetter'd ſee,
By cuſtom, bus'neſs, crowds, and formal Decency;

And wherefoe'er they ftay, and wherefoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow.
Thefe are the fmall uneafy things
Which about Greatnefs ftill are found,
And rather it moleft than wound;
Like gnats, which too much heat of fummer brings;
But cares do fwarm there, too, and thofe have ftings:
As when the honey does too open lie,
A thoufand wafps about it fly,
Nor will the mafter ev'n to fhare admit;
The mafter ftands aloof, and dares not tafte of it.

II.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet fleep on:
You cannot now; you muft be gone
To court, or to the noify Hall:
Befides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The ftream of bufinefs does begin,
And a fpring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah! cruel Guards! which this poor pris'ner keep!
Will they not fuffer him to fleep?
Make an efcape; out at the poftern fly,
And get fome bleffed hours of liberty.
With a few friends, and a few difhes, dine,
And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.
To thy bent mind fome relaxation give,
And fteal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh! happy Man! he cries, to whom kind Heav'n
Has fuch a freedom always giv'n!

Why, mighty Madman! what ſhould hinder thee
From being ev'ry day as free?

III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a ſpirit ſo mean and ſordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty,
Of ſoaring boldly up into the ſky,
His liberty to ſing, to perch, or fly,
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleaſures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or conſtant food:
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the falſe foreſt of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment come.
Now, bleſſings on ye all, ye heroic Race!
Who keep their primitive powers and rights ſo well,
Tho' men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the higheſt place
To you is juſtly giv'n,
And ways and walks the neareſt heav'n;
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the univerſal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a-year;
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear:

None but a few unhappy houſehold fowl,
Whom human lordſhip does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

IV.

He's no ſmall prince who ev'ry day
Thus to himſelf can ſay,
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk:
This I will do, here I will ſtay,
Or if my fancy call me' away,
My man and I will preſently go ride
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Corniſh Mount.
If thou but a ſhort journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
Bus'neſs muſt be diſpatch'd ere thou canſt part;
Nor canſt thou ſtir, unleſs there be
A hundred horſe and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart,
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Coloſſus ſo
A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour or where conſcience does not bind,
No other law ſhall ſhackle me;
Slave to myſelf I will not be:

Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
By my own preſent mind.
Who by reſolves and vows engag'd does ſtand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his eſtate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe;
And ſtill as time comes in it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy ſlave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind releaſing knell.

VI.

If life ſhould a well-ordered poem be,
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the beſt delight)
The more heroic ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter ſhall be grave, the numbers looſe and free;
It ſhall not keep one ſettled pace of time;
In the ſame tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbour rhyme:
A thouſand liberties it ſhall diſpenſe,
And yet ſhall manage all without offence,
Or to the ſweetneſs of the ſound or greatneſs of the
Nor ſhall it never from one ſubject ſtart, [ſenſe;
Nor ſeek tranſitions to depart,

Nor its ſet way o'er ſtiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compaſs take,
As if it fear'd ſome treſpaſs to commit,
When the wide air is a road for it.
So the imperial Eagle does not ſtay
Till the whole carcaſs it devour
That is fall'n into its pow'r;
As if his gen'rous hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only ſucks the taſteful blood,
And to freſh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled prey.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek Ode,

WRITTEN BY MR. MASTERS,

of New-College in Oxford.

I.

Enough, my Muſe! of earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings,
And on 'em play, and to 'em ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which doſt riſe
Till earth thou joineſt with the ſkies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half ſeen by mortal eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs thing?
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I'll ſing the mighty riddle of myſterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor bleſſed ſpirits [above,
With all their comments, can explain,
How all the whole world's Life to die did not diſdain.

II.

I'll ſing the ſearchleſs depths of the compaſſion divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By Reaſon's plummet and the line of Wit,
Too light the plummet, and too ſhort the line,
How the eternal Father did beſtow
His own eternal Son as ranſome for his foe;
I'll ſing aloud, that all the world may hear
The triumph of the bury'd Conqueror;
How Hell was by its pris'ner captive led,
And the great ſlayer, Death, ſlain by the dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murther'd men the voice,
Mix'd with the murtherers' confuſed noiſe,
Sound from the top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there the midmoſt of the three.
Oh how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with bleſſings from [the tree!

His gracious hands, ne'er ſtretch'd but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
And ſinful man does fondly bind
The arms which he extends t' embrace all humankind.

IV.

Unhappy Man! canſt thou ſtand by and ſee
All this as patient as he!
Since he thy ſins does bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy breaſt, and tear
Thy garments, and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Thro' all thy bleeding bowels move.
Doſt thou not ſee thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the roſes which adorn
The thorny garland by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourge's rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of thorns and ſcourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucify'd,
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his ſide.

V.

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call

Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where'er it lies,
For this will aſk it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Tho' thy ſalt tears came from a ſea:
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital ſprings for thee?
Take heed; for by his ſide's myſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

HENCE, ye Profane! I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the ſmall.
To virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteneſs hold
Not yet diſcolour'd with the love of gold,
(That jaundice of the ſoul
Which makes it look ſo gilded and ſo foul)
To you, ye very few! theſe truths I tell;
The Muſe inſpires my ſong, hark, and obſerve it well.

II.

We look on men, and wonder at ſuch odds
'Twixt things that were the ſame by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the earth;
Theſe giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humbleſt buſh and proudeſt oak
Are but of equal proof againſt the thunder-ſtroke.

Beauty, and ſtrength, and wit, and wealth, and pow'r,
Have their ſhort flouriſhing hour,
And love to ſee themſelves, and ſmile,
And joy in their pre-eminence a while;
Ev'n ſo in the ſame land
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flow'rs, together ſtand:
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.

III.

And all you men, whom greatneſs does ſo pleaſe,
Ye feaſt, I fear, like Damocles:
If you your eyes could upwards move,
(But you, I fear, think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little thread
The ſword ſtill hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares,
No mirth or muſic over-noiſe your fears:
The fear of death would you ſo watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, ſleep.

IV.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet ſo humble, too, as not to ſcorn
The meaneſt country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn.
The halcyon Sleep will never build his neſt
In any ſtormy breaſt:
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkneſs in their mind;
Darkneſs but half his work will do;
'Tis not enough, he muſt find quiet too.

V.

The man who in all wiſhes he does make
Does only Nature's counſel take,
That wiſe and happy man will never fear
The evil aſpects of the year,
Nor tremble tho' two comets ſhould appear:
He does not look in almanacs, to ſee
Whether he fortunate ſhall be:
Let Mars and Saturn in the heav'ns conjoin,
And what they pleaſe againſt the world deſign,
So Jupiter within him ſhine.

VI.

If of your pleaſures and deſires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will ſet no bound.
What would content you who can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well;
Ye ſtrive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level hills and fill up ſeas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy pleaſe;
But, truſt me, when you 'ave done all this,
Much will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs.

A paraphraſe on an

ODE IN HORACE'S THIRD BOOK,

beginning thus,

Incluſam Danaen turris ahenea.

I.

A TOW'R of braſs, one would have ſaid,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as ſtrict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought he well might ſpare
All further jealous care,
And, as he walk'd, t' himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept his reſt was deep,
But Venus laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep:
She taught the am'rous Jove
A magical receipt in love, [more,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him
Than all his thunder did, and his almighty ſhip before.

II.

She taught him Love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert;
No guards did then his paſſage ſtay;
He paſs'd with eaſe; Gold was the word;
Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold thro' doors and walls did pierce;
And as that works ſometimes upon the ſword,

Melted the maidenhead away,
Ev'n in the ſecret ſcabbard where it lay.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns a golden mine did ſpring:
He broke thro' gates with this petar;
'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war,
And fleets and armies follow it afar;
The enſign 'tis at land, and 'tis the ſeaman's ſtar.

III.

Let all the world ſlave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed deity,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me.
A guard of virtues will not let it paſs,
And wiſdom is a tow'r of ſtronger braſs.
The Muſes' laurel, round my temples ſpread,
Does from this lightning's force ſecure my head;
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
Wealth for its pow'r do we' honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

IV.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
The vaſt Xerxean army, I retreat,
And to the ſmall Laconic forces fly,
Which hold the Straights of Poverty.
Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous ſummer's ſtore;
If the mind thirſt and hunger ſtill;
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.

Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by Nature underſtood.
The monarch on whom fertile Nile beſtows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his ſhare.
Whatever an eſtate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord,
But is a tax illegal and unjuſt,
Exacted from it by the tyrant Luſt.
Much will always wanting be
To him who much deſires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wiſe indulgency of Heav'n
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough, has giv'n.

PINDARIC ODES.

Written in imitation of the

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus. HOR. Ep. I. 1. 3.

PREFACE.

If a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another, as may appear when he that understands not the original reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantùm) *would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt his age and our's, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance: and, lastly, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For*

though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures, (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet, in effect, they are little better than prose to our ears: and I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is, in some measure, to be applied to all translations, and the not observing of it is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens, too, in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner of

translating or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sands himself, for in despight of popular error I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that, methinks, they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes, in my opinion, no less short of David than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirollus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit; for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemean, Odes, which are as followeth.

THE SECOND

OLYMPIC ODE

OF PINDAR,

WRITTEN in praiſe of Theron Prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily built by his anceſtors) who, in the Seventy-ſeventh Olympic, won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whoſe ſtory is often touched on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common-place in Pindar) from his hoſpitality, munificence and other virtues. The Ode (according to the conſtant cuſtom of the Poet) conſiſts more in digreſſions than in the main ſubject; and the reader muſt not be ſhocked to hear him ſpeak ſo often of his own Muſe; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

I.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words and ſpeaking ſtrings,
What god, what hero, wilt thou ſing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Piſa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Piſa claim thy ſong.
The fair firſt-fruits of war, th' Olympic Games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;
Alcides, too, thy ſtrings may move,
But, oh! what man to join with theſe can worthy
Join Theron boldly to their ſacred names; [prove?
Theron the next honour claims;

Theron to no man gives place,
Is firſt in Piſa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own ſwift forefathers has outgone.

II.

They thro' rough ways, o'er many ſtops, they paſt,
Till on the fatal bank at laſt
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily,
Which does itſelf i' th' river by
With pride and joy eſpy:
Then cheerful notes their painted years did ſing,
And wealth was one, and honour th' other wing:
Their genuine virtues did more ſweet and clear
In Fortune's graceful dreſs appear:
To which, great ſon of Rhea! ſay
The firm word which forbids things to decay.
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'ſt to behold thy ſacred ſhow,
If in Alpheus' ſilver flight,
If in my verſe thou doſt delight,
My verſe, O Rhea's ſon! which is
Lofty as that, and ſmooth as this.

III.

For the paſt ſufferings of this noble race
(Since things once paſt and fled out of thine hand
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let preſent joys fill up their place,

And with Oblivion's ſilent ſtroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illuſtrious line
Do theſe happy changes ſhine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So in the cryſtal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endleſs youth does pleaſe,
And thanks her fall into the ſeas.
Beauteous Semele does no leſs
Her cruel midwife Thunder bleſs,
Whilſt ſporting with the gods on high,
She enjoys ſecure their company,
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

IV.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What god, alas! will caution be
For living man's ſecurity,
Or will inſure our veſſel in this faithleſs ſea?
Never did the ſun as yet
So healthful a fair day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her ſpight
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue,
E'er ſince the fatal ſon his father ſlew,

And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their own
[will.

V.

Erinnys ſaw it, and made in her own ſeed
The innocent parricide to bleed;
She ſlew his wrathful ſons with mutual blows;
But better things did then ſucceed,
And brave Therſander in amends for what was paſt
[aroſe:
Brave Therſander was by none
In war or warlike ſports outdone.
Thou, Theron! his great virtues doſt revive,
He in my verſe and thee again does live;
Loud Olympus happy thee,
Iſthmus and Nemea, does twice happy ſee:
For the well-natur'd honour there
Which with thy brother thou didſt ſhare,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And thoſe kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

VI.

Greatneſs of mind, and fortune too,
Th' Olympic trophies ſhew.
Both their ſeveral parts muſt do
In the noble chaſe of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair Virtue's picture ſeen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.

Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on ſhort man long cannot wait.
The virtuous make of them the beſt,
And put them out to fame for intereſt.
With a frail good they wiſely buy
The ſolid purchaſe of eternity.
They, whilſt life's air they breathe, conſider well and
Th' account they muſt hereafter give below; [know
Whereas the unjuſt and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the juſt decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy neceſſary effects of voluntary faults.

VII.

Whilſt in the lands of unexhauſted light
O'er which the godlike ſun's unwearied ſight
Ne'er winks in clouds or ſleeps in night,
An endleſs ſpring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither want does pinch, nor plenty cloy;
There neither earth nor ſea they plough,
Nor ought to labour owe
For food, that whilſt it nouriſhes does decay,
And in the lamp of life conſumes away.
Thrice had theſe men thro' mortal bodies paſt,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little droſs was purg'd at laſt,
The furnace had no more to do.

Then in rich Saturn's peaceful ſtate
Were they for ſacred treaſures plac'd,
The Muſe-diſcovered world of iſlands fortunate.

VIII.

Soft-footed winds, with tuneful voices, there
Dance thro' the perfum'd air:
There ſilver rivers thro' enamelled meadows glide,
And golden trees enrich their ſide:
Th' illuſtrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the bleſs'd are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the heroes and their poets live,
Wiſe Radamanthus did the ſentence give,
Who, for his juſtice, was thought fit
With ſovereign Saturn on the bench to ſit.
Peleus here, and Cadmus reign;
Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
Since his bleſs'd mother (who before
Had try'd it on his body' in vain)
Dipt now his ſoul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardneſs take,
That does from paſſion and from vice invulnerable [make.

IX.

To Theron, Muſe! bring back thy wand'ring ſong,
Whom thoſe bright troops expect impatiently;
And may they do ſo long.
How, noble Archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but croſs thine eye?

Shoot, and ſpare not, for I ſee
Thy ſounding quiver can ne'er emptied be;
Let Art uſe method and good huſbandry;
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herſelf has unexhauſted ſtore,
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, inſtead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hov'ring fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noiſe does love,
Whilſt Nature, like the ſacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder, and anon, with ſilent joy,
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the ſtrong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And ſometimes baſks in th' open flames of day,
And ſometimes, too, he ſhrowds
His ſoaring wings among the clouds.

X.

Leave, wanton Muſe! thy roving flight,
To thy loud ſtring the well-fletch'd arrow put,
Lett Agrigentum be the but,
And Theron be the white:
And leſt the name of verſe ſhould give
Malicious men pretext to miſbelieve,
By the Caſtalian waters ſwear,
(A ſacred oath no poets dare
To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx profane)

Swear in no city e'er before
A better man, or greater-ſoul'd, was born,
Swear that Theron, ſure, has ſworn
No man near him ſhould be poor;
Swear that none e'er had ſuch a graceful art,
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart
With an unenvious hand and an unbounded heart.

XI.

But in this thankleſs world the givers
Are envy'd ev'n by the receivers.
'Tis now the cheap and frugal faſhion
Rather to hide than pay the obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worſe than ſo;
It now an artifice does grow
Wrongs and outrages to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we owe.
Such monſters, Theron! has thy virtue found,
But all the malice they profeſs
Thy ſecure honour cannot wound;
For thy vaſt bounties are ſo numberleſs,
That them or to conceal or elſe to tell,
Is equally impoſſible.

THE FIRST

NEMEÆAN ODE

OF PINDAR.

CHROMIUS, the ſon of Ageſidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot race in the Nemaean games, (a ſolemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large deſcribed by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exerciſes there practiſed) upon which occaſion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an iſland belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuſe, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Aetnaean Chromius, perhaps becauſe he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praiſe of Chromius his perſon, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and moſt eſpecially from his hoſpitality, and the worthy uſe of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules, and, according to his uſual manner of being tranſported with any good hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a digreſſion of Hercules, and his ſlaying the two ſerpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that hiſtory.

I.

BEAUTEOUS Ortygia, the firſt breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' cloſe and amorous race,
Fair Delos' ſiſter, the childbed
Of bright Latona, where ſhe bred
The original new-moon,
Who ſaw'ſt her tender forehead ere the horns were [grown;
Who like a gentle ſcion, newly ſtarted out,
From Syracuſa's ſide doſt ſprout:
Thee firſt my ſong does greet
With numbers ſmooth and fleet
As thine own horſes' airy feet,

When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my song and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemea and in thee.

II.

With Jove my song, this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his success;
Nor ought he, therefore, like it less,
Since the best fame is that of happiness;
For whom should we esteem above
The men whom gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muse, too, does approve.
Lo, how it makes this vict'ry shine
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the ravish'd maid she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and up to th' heavenly vault.

III.

To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,
Said Jove, and as he said
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
And thou, O Isle! said he, for ever thrive,
And keep the value of our gift alive:
As heav'n with stars, so let
The country thick with towns be set,

And numberleſs as ſtars
Let all the towns be then
Repleniſh'd thick with men
Wiſe in peace and bold in wars:
Of thouſand glorious towns the nation,
Of thouſand glorious men each town a conſtellation.
Nor let their warlike laurel ſcorn
With the Olympic olive to be worn,
Whoſe gentler honours do ſo well the brows of Peace [adorn.

IV.

Go to great Syracuſe, my Muſe! and wait
At Chromius' hoſpitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice ſhall but begin:
Joy, Plenty, and free Welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou ſhalt find ready dreſs'd,
The ivory table crowded with a feaſt.
The table which is free for every gueſt
No doubt will thee admit,
And feaſt more upon thee than thou on it;
Chromius and thou are met aright,
For as by Nature thou doſt write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

V.

Nature herſelf, whilſt in the womb he was,
Sow'd ſtrength and beauty thro' the forming maſs;
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art:

She fill'd his mind with courage and with wit,
And a vaſt bounty, apt and fit
For the great dowry which Fortune made to it.
'Tis madneſs, ſure, treaſures to hoard,
And make them uſeleſs, as in mines, remain,
To loſe the occaſion Fortune does afford
Fame and public love to gain.
Ev'n for ſelf-concerning ends
'Tis wiſer much to hoard up friends.
Tho' happy men the preſent goods poſſeſs,
Th' unhappy have their ſhare in future hopes no leſs.

VI.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how ſwiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilſt other youths yet at the barrier ſtay?
None but Alcides e'er ſet earlier forth than he;
The God his father's blood nought could reſtrain,
'Twas ripe at firſt, and did diſdain
The ſlow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurſes' hands,
Wrapt in purple ſwaddlingbands,
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands
Two dreadful ſerpents come
Rolling and hiſſing loud into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way,

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thunder-bolts preſent.

VII.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead
With fear, ſome wildly fled
About the room, ſome into corners crept,
Where ſilently they ſhook and wept.
All naked from her bed the paſſionate mother leap'd,
To ſave or periſh with her child;
She trembled, and ſhe cry'd; the mighty infant ſmil'd:
The mighty infant ſeem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes,
And as their ſpotted necks up to the cradle roſe,
With his young warlike hands on both he ſeiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiſs'd,
In vain their armed tails they twiſt,
And angry circles caſt about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and pois'nous ſoul, he ſqueezes out.

VIII.

With their drawn ſwords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords:
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They ſaw the conqu'ring boy
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where in death's pangs and their own gore they folding lay.
When wiſe Tireſias this beginning knew,
He told with eaſe the things t' enſue,

From what monſters he ſhould free
The earth, the air, and ſea;
What mighty tyrants he ſhould ſlay,
Greater monſters far than they;
How much at Phlægra's field the diſtreſs'd gods ſhould
To their great offspring here below, [owe
And how his club ſhould there outdo
Apollo's ſilver bow, and his own father's thunder too.

IX.

And that the grateful gods at laſt,
The race of his laborious virtue paſt,
Heav'n, which he ſav'd, ſhould to him give, [live,
Where, marry'd to eternal Youth, he ſhould for ever
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his ſenſes pleaſe
In their harmonious golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Thro' the thick groves of never-withering light,
And as he walks affright
The Lyon and the Bear,
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monſters there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE HIS SECOND ODE, B. IV.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

I.

Pindar is imitable by none:
The phœnix Pindar is a vaſt ſpecies alone.
Whoe'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
And neither ſink too low nor ſoar too high?

What he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a ſea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable ſong
Like a ſwoln flood from ſome ſteep mountain pours along.
The ocean meets with ſuch a voice
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noiſe.

II.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns to' abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes control.
Whether th' immortal gods he ſings,
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain,
Or the great acts of god-deſcended kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign;
Each rich embroidered line
Which their triumphant brows around
By his ſacred hand is bound,
Does all their ſtarry diadems outſhine.

III.

Whether at Piſa's race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd verſe the conqu'rors' images;
Whether the ſwift, the ſkilful, or the ſtrong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous, ſong;
Whether ſome brave young man's untimely fate
In words worth dying for he celebrate,
Such mournful and ſuch pleaſing words
As joy to' his mothers, and his miſtreſs grief affords.

He bids him live and grow in fame,
Among the ſtars he ſticks his name:
The grave can but the droſs of him devour,
So ſmall is Death's, ſo great the Poet's power.

IV.

Lo! how th' obſequious wind and ſwelling air
The Theban ſwan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way;
Whilſt, alas! my tim'rous Muſe
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings,
About the trees' new-bloſſom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flow'ry meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtry.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

Nor winds to voyagers at ſea,
Nor ſhow'rs to earth more neceſſary be,
(Heav'n's vital ſeed caſt on the womb of earth,
To give the fruitful year a birth)

Than verſe to virtue, which can do
The midwife's office and the nurſe's too;
It feeds it ſtrongly, and it clothes it gay,
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

II.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo, how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance,
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound.
That to the ſpheres themſelves ſhall ſilence bring,
Untune the univerſal ſtring:
Then all the wide-extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's ſacred work, ſhall die;
And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one fire ſhine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, tho' built by hands divine.

III.

Whom thunder's diſmal noiſe,
And all that prophets and apoſtles louder ſpake,

And all the creatures' plain conſpiring voice,
Could not, whilſt they liv'd, awake,
This mightier ſound ſhall make
When dead to ariſe,
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long ſluggards of five thouſand years.
This mightier ſound ſhall make its hearers ears:
Then ſhall the ſcatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home,
Some from birds, from fiſhes ſome,
Some from earth, and ſome from ſeas,
Some from beaſts, and ſome from trees;
Some deſcend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And where th' attending ſoul naked and ſhivering
ſtands,
Meet, ſalute, and join their hands;
As diſpers'd ſoldiers at the trumpet's call
Haſte to their colours all:
Unhappy moſt, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new ſet, to be new rack'd again:
To mountains they for ſhelter pray,
The mountains ſhake, and run about no leſs confus'd
[than they.

IV.

Stop, ſtop, my Muſe! allay thy vig'rous heat,
Kindled at a hint ſo great:
Hold thy Pindaric Pegaſus cloſely in,
Which does to rage begin,

And this ſteep hill would gallop up with violent courſe;
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horſe,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the ſpur or bit;
Now prances ſtately, and anon flies o'er the place,
Diſdains the ſervile law of any ſettled pace,
Conſcious and proud of his own natural force,
'Twill no unſkilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that ſits not ſure.

THE MUSE.

I.

Go, the richeſt chariot inſtantly prepare;
The queen, my Muſe, will take the air;
Unruly Fancy with ſtrong judgment trace,
Put in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it,
Sound Memory with young Invention place,
Harneſs all the winged race:
Let the poſtilion, Nature, mount, and let
The coachman, Art, be ſet;
And let the airy footmen running all beſide,
Make a long row of goodly pride;
Figures, conceits, raptures, and ſentences,
In a well-worded dreſs;
And innocent Loves, and pleaſant Truths, and uſe-
In all their gaudy liveries: [ful Lies,

Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on,
For long, tho' cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

II.

Where never foot of man or hoof of beaſt
The paſſage preſs'd,
Where never fiſh did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver wings cut the low liquid ſky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row thro' the trackleſs ocean of the air;
Where never yet did pry
The buſy Morning's curious eye,
The wheels of thy bold coach paſs quick and free,
And all is an open road to thee;
Whatever God did ſay
Is all thy plain, and ſmooth, uninterrupted way:
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known;
Thou haſt thouſand worlds, too, of thine own:
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great Queen! in the ſame ſtyle as he,
And a new world leaps forth when thou ſay'ſt, Let it be.

III.

Thou fathom'ſt the deep gulf of ages paſt,
And canſt pluck up with eaſe
The years which thou doſt pleaſe,
Like ſhipwreck'd treaſures by rude tempeſts caſt
Long ſince into the ſea,
Brought up again to light and public uſe by thee:

Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly,
With an unweary'd wing the other way on high,
Where fates among the ſtars do grow;
There into the cloſe neſts of Time doſt peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Thro' the firm ſhell and the thick white doſt ſpy
Years to come, a-forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred ſecondine aſleep,
Till hatch'd by the ſun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſet,
They life and motion get,
And ripe at laſt, with vigorous might
Break thro' the ſhell, and take their everlaſting flight.

IV.

And ſure we may
The ſame, too, of the preſent ſay,
If paſt and future times do thee obey.
Thou ſtopp'ſt this current, and doſt make
This running river ſettle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds faſt this ſlipp'ry ſnake:
The fruit which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou comfiteſt in ſweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining piece of ice
Which melts ſo ſoon away
With the ſun's ray,

Thy verſe does ſolidate and cryſtallize,
Till it a laſting mirror be:
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one ſhort point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

I.

VAST bodies of philoſophy
I oft' have ſeen and read,
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art faſhioned;
I never yet the living ſoul could ſee,
But in thy books and thee:
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou doſt ſhow
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo like truth, 'twill ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre reſt,
And all ſo ſolid are, that they at leaſt,
As much as Nature, emptineſs deteſt.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The univerſal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's ſhort-liv'd Leopard ſlain;

The ſtronger Roman Eagle did outfly,
Oft'ner renew'd his age, and ſaw that die.
Mecca itſelf, in ſpite of Mahomet, poſſeſs'd,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the Eaſt,
His monarchy new planted in the Weſt:
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place,
So did this noble empire waſte,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſt,
And in the ſchoolmen's hands it periſh'd quite at laſt:
Then nought but words it grew,
And thoſe all barb'rous too:
It periſh'd and it vaniſh'd there;
The life and ſoul breath'd out became but empty air.

III.

The fields which anſwer'd well the Ancients' plough,
Spent and outworn return no harveſt now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of paſt fertility,
The poor relief of preſent poverty:
Food and fruit we muſt now want,
Unleſs new lands we plant:
We break up tombs with ſacrilegious hands,
Old rubbiſh we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghoſts, we love,
And with fond divining wands,
We ſearch among the dead
For treaſures buried,

Whilſt ſtill the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiſcover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caſpian,
And ſlender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fiſher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler veſſel the vaſt ocean tries,
And nothing ſees but ſeas and ſkies,
Till unknown regions it deſcries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philoſophies,
Thy taſk was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out firſt by thee,
And rudely left to future induſtry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized it.

V.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my ownſelf ſo poor,
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a ſtore)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and laſting ſtuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic ſenſe:
Thy ſolid reaſon, like the ſhield from heav'n
To the Trojan hero given,

Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art,
A ſhield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' ſight,
Then when they're ſure to loſe the combat by it.

VI.

Nor can the ſnow, which now cold Age does ſhed
Upon thy rev'rend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within,
But all which thou haſt been,
And all that youth can be, thou art yet,
So fully ſtill do'ſt thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conſpire,
Here hoary froſts, and by them breaks out fire.
A ſecure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
Th' embolden'd ſnow next to the flame does ſleep:
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and cauſes, we ſhall ſee
That thus it needs muſt be.
To things immortal Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die for ever muſt be young.

DESTINY.

Hoc quoq; fatale eſt ſic ipſum expendere Fatum. * MANIL.

I.

STRANGE and unnatural! let us ſtay and ſee
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo! of themſelves th' enlivened cheſſmen move,
Lo! the unbred ill-organ'd pieces prove,
As full of art and induſtry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourſelves, who think there's nothing wiſe but we.
Here a proud pawn I admire,
That, ſtill advancing high'r,
At top of all became
Another thing and name.
Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight:
Here I the loſing party blame
For thoſe falſe moves that break the game,
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces bring,
And, above all, th' ill conduct of the mated king.

II.

Whate'er theſe ſeem, whate'er philoſophy
And ſenſe or reaſon tell, ſaid I,
Theſe things have life, election, liberty;
'Tis their own wiſdom moulds their ſtate,
Their faults and virtues make their fate:

They do, they do, ſaid I, but ſtraight,
Lo! from my' enlightned eyes the miſts and ſhadows
That hinder ſpirits from being viſible; [fell
And, lo! I ſaw two angels play'd the mate.
With man, alas! no otherwiſe it proves,
An unſeen hand makes all their moves;
And ſome are great, and ſome are ſmall,
Some climb to good, ſome from good fortune fall;
Some wiſe men, and ſome fools we call,
Figures, alas! of ſpeech, for Deſt'ny plays us all.

III.

Me from the womb the midwife Muſe did take;
She cut my navel, waſh'd me, and mine head
With her own hands ſhe faſhioned;
She did a cov'nant with me make,
And circumciſ'd my tender ſoul, and thus ſhe ſpake;
" Thou of my church ſhalt be;
" Hate and renounce," ſaid ſhe,
" Wealth, honour, pleaſures, all the world for me:
" Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
" Nor at th' Exchange, ſhalt be, nor at the wrangling
" Content thyſelf with the ſmall barren praiſe [bar:
" That neglected verſe does raiſe."
She ſpake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their ſeveral ways of life let others chuſe,
Their ſev'ral pleaſures let them uſe,
But I was born for love, and for a Muſe.

IV.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, ſuch am, and ſo muſt end.
The ſtar that did my being frame
Was but a lambent flame,
And ſome ſmall light it did diſpenſe,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley, let proud Fortune ſee
That thou canſt her deſpiſe no leſs than ſhe does thee;
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Luſt, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion, and Hypocriſy;
Do thou not grieve nor bluſh to be
As all th' inſpir'd tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down [to Ben.

BRUTUS.

I.

Excellent Brutus! of all human race
The beſt, till Nature was improv'd by grace,
Till men above themſelves faith raiſed more
Than reaſon above beaſts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did ſilently and conſtantly diſpenſe
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference;

And all the parts upon it lean'd ſo eaſily,
Obey'd the mighty force ſo willingly,
That none could diſcord or diſorder ſee
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world [could be.

II.

From thy ſtrict rule ſome think that thou did'ſt ſwerve
(Miſtaken honeſt men) in Cæſar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deſerve
From him who kill'd himſelf rather than ſerve?
Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are ſo far from underſtood,
We count them vice: alas! our ſight 's ſo ill,
That things which ſwifteſt move ſeem to ſtand ſtill.
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her ſupreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;
But as her beams reflected paſs
Thro' our own nature or ill Cuſtom's glaſs:
And 'tis no wonder ſo,
If with dejected eye
In ſtanding pools we ſeek the ſky,
That ſtars ſo high above ſhould ſeem to us below.

III.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and raviſh'd be,
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?

Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar who could Rome inthrall!
An act more barb'rous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his ſucceſſor Nero's parricide!
There's none but Brutus could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould wiſh to ſerve,
And Cæſar's uſurp'd place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve't but he who would refuſe the offer.

IV.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itſelf i' th' terrors of the night;
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," ſaid the ſp'rit;
"I'll meet thee there," ſaidſt thou,
With ſuch a voice and ſuch a brow
As put the trembling ghoſt to ſudden flight;
It vaniſh'd as a taper's light
Goes out when ſpirits appear in ſight.
One would have thought it had heard the morning crow,
Or ſeen her well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the Eaſtern hill afar.
Nor durſt it in Philippi's field appear,
But, unſeen, attack'd thee there:
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wouldſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes,

Or ſlain it like Cæſar, tho' it be
A conqu'ror and a monarch mightier far than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The beſt cauſe and beſt man that ever drew a ſword?
When we ſee
The falſe Octavius, and wild Antony,
Godlike Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we ſay but thine own tragic word,
That virtue, which had worſhipp'd been by thee
As the moſt ſolid good, and greateſt deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.
Hold, noble Brutus! and reſtrain
The bold voice of thy generous diſdain:
Theſe mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's ſet forth already which ſhall quell
Stiff Reaſon, when it offers to rebel;
Which theſe great ſecrets ſhall unſeal,
And new philoſophies reveal.
A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And ſhew'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

I.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic ſcene,
When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd, like its ſea, embracing round the iſle,
With tempeſts and red waves, noiſe and affright?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from White!
What province or what city did it ſpare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, deſert, and naked ſtand,
Had God's almighty hand
At the ſame time let looſe Diſeaſe's rage,
Their Civil wars in man to wage:
But thou by Heav'n wert ſent
This deſolation to prevent,
A med'cine and a counter-poiſon to the age;
Scarce could the ſword diſpatch more to the grave
Than thou didſt ſave;
By wondrous art, and by ſucceſsful care,
The ruins of a Civil war thou doſt alone repair.

II.

The inundations of all liquid pain,
And deluge dropſy thou doſt drain:
Fevers ſo hot, that one would ſay
Thou might'ſt as ſoon hell-fires allay,

(The damn'd ſcarce more incurable than they)
Thou doſt ſo temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful droſs behind:
The ſubtle ague, that, for ſureneſs' ſake,
Takes its own times th' aſſault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does ſhake,
When thy ſtrong guards and works it ſpies,
Trembles for itſelf, and flies.
The cruel ſtone, that reſtleſs pain,
That's ſometimes roll'd away in vain,
But ſtill, like Siſyphus his ſtone, returns again,
Thou break'ſt and melteſt by learn'd juices' force,
(A greater work, tho' ſhort the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar)
Oppreſſed Nature's neceſſary courſe
It ſtops in vain, like Moſes, thou
Strik'ſt but the rock, and ſtraight the waters flow.

III.

The Indian ſon of Luſt, (that foul diſeaſe
Which did on this his new-found world but lately ſeize,
Yet ſince a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by thee,
That thy patients ſeem to be
Reſtor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The plague itſelf, that proud imperial ill,
Which deſtroys towns, and does whole armies kill,

If thou but fuccour the befieged heart,
Calls all its poifons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no lefs thy art
Than Aaron's incenfe, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaft and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy ftrong charms it muft be gone,
Tho' a difeafe, as well as devil, were called Legion.

IV.

From creeping mofs to foaring cedar thou
Doft all the pow'rs and feveral portions know,
Which father-Sun and mother-Earth below
On their green infants here beftow,
Can'ft all thofe magic virtues from them draw,
That keep difeafe and death in awe;
Who, whilft thy wondrous fkill in plants they fee,
Fear left the tree of Life fhould be found out by thee:
And thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No lefs account of th' empire fenfitive,
Chiefly of man, whofe body is
That active foul's metropolis.
As the great artift, in his fphere of glafs,
Saw the whole fcene of heav'nly motions pafs,
So thou know'ft all fo well that is done within,
As if fome living cryftal man thou'dft feen.

V.

Nor does this fcience make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own:

His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
From the phyſicians' frequent malady,
Fantaſtic incivility:
There are who all their patients chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worſe potions than they
And this great race of learning thou haſt run, [gave:
Ere that of life be half yet done:
Thou ſee'ſt thyſelf ſtill freſh and ſtrong,
And like t' enjoy thy conqueſts long.
The firſt fam'd aphoriſm thy great maſter ſpoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou doſt make life long, and art but ſhort.

VI.

Ah! learned Friend! it grieves me when I think
That thou, with all thy art, muſt die
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations ſink
Into the ſure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain
Thou holdſt out towns that muſt at laſt be ta'en,
And thou thyſelf, their great defender, ſlain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the preſent live,
'Tis all the ready money Fate can give;
Unbend ſometimes thy reſtleſs care,
And let thy friends ſo happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:

Some hours at leaſt to thine own pleaſures ſpare;
Since the whole ſtock may ſoon exhauſted be,
Beſtow it not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they pleaſe,
When all is done, life is an incurable diſeaſe.

LIFE AND FAME.

I.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's Some Body, or No Body?
In all the cobwebs of the ſchoolmen's trade,
We no ſuch nice diſtinction woven ſee
As 'tis To be, or Not to be.
Dream of a ſhadow! a reflection made
From the falſe glories of the gay-reflected bow
Is a more ſolid thing than thou.
Vain, weak-built iſthmus, which doſt proudly riſe
Up betwixt two eternities,
Yet canſt not wave nor wind ſuſtain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endleſs oceans meet [again.

II.

And with what rare inventions do we ſtrive
Ourſelves then to ſurvive?
Wiſe ſubtle arts, and ſuch as well befit
That nothing, man's no wit;
Some with vaſt coſtly tombs would purchaſe it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.

Here lies the great—False Marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to please:
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
So he who on the Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!
Oh! life that Epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphic entity of Fame:
He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis true the two immortal syllables remain,
But, oh ye learned Men! explain,
What essence, what existence this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis
In six poor letters is?
In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'Tis all the conquered world could give.
We poets madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life e'er since he dy'd till now.

THE ECSTASY.

I.

I LEAVE mortality and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waſte;
Farewell to ye' all in haſte,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet,
And, lo! I mount, and, lo!
How ſmall the biggeſt parts of earth's proud tittleſhow!

II.

Where ſhall I find the noble Britiſh land?
Lo! I at laſt a northern ſpeck eſpy,
Which in the ſea does lie,
And ſeems a grain of th' ſand!
For this will any ſin or bleed?
Of Civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we,
Oh irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

III.

I paſs by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal ſtores of froſt, and rain, and ſnow;
Dry and ſecure I go,
Nor ſhake with fear or cold.
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings in my way,
Like harmleſs lambent fires, about my temples play.

IV.

Now into a gentle ſea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and ſtill mount higher there,
As flames mount up thro' air.
So perfect, yet ſo tame,
So great, ſo pure, ſo bright a fire
Was that unfortunate deſire
My faithful breaſt did cover
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

V.

Thro' ſeveral orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold diſtinctly, as I paſs,
The hints of Galilæo's glaſs,
I touch'd at laſt the ſpangled ſphere:
Here all th' extended ſky
Is but one Galaxy,
'Tis all ſo bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

VI.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;
An unexhauſted ocean of delight
Swallows my ſenſes quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where.
Not Paul, who firſt did thither paſs,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleaſure could expreſs.
Oh! 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be leſs.

VII.

The mighty' Elijah mounted ſo on high,
That ſecond man who leap'd the ditch where all
The reſt of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the ſky;
With much of pomp and ſhow
(As conqu'ring kings in triumph go)
Did he to heav'n approach,
Andwondrouswas hisway,andwondrouswas his coach.

VIII.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part;
Of eſſences, of gems, and ſpirit of gold,
Was its ſubſtantial mould;
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art,
Here with moon-beams 'twas ſilver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the ſun's light,
And myſtic ſhapes cut round in it,
Figures that did tranſcend a vulgar angel's wit.

IX.

The horſes were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in heav'n's beauteous paſtures feed,
The nobleſt, ſprightfull'ſt breed,
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were ſhod with diamond,
Not ſuch as here are found,
But ſuch light ſolid ones as ſhine
On the tranſparent rocks o' th' heav'nly cryſtalline.

X.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the ſkies.
Aſtoniſh'd men, who oft' had ſeen ſtars fall,
Or that which ſo they call,
Wonder'd from hence to ſee one riſe:
The ſoft clouds melted him away,
The ſnow and froſts which in it lay
A while the ſacred footſteps bore,
The wheels and horſes' hoofs hiſs'd as they paſt them o'er.

XI.

He paſs'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their aſtrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled ſight;
But where he ſtopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To a better being do aſpire,
And mount herſelf, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

I.

Great Janus! who doſt, ſure, my miſtreſs view
With all thine eyes, yet think'ſt them all too few,
If thy fore-face do ſee
No better things prepar'd for me
Than did thy face behind;
If ſtill her breaſt muſt ſhut againſt me be

(For 'tis not peace that temple's gate does bind)
Oh! let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming find,
With thine old year its voyage take, 9
Borne down that stream of time which no return can
[make.

II.

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away: 14
His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and
Tho' never any where they stay, [hours,
Make in their passage all their prey:
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear, can
Nought of value left behind: [find
All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink, 21
Remain for latter years to drink,
Until some one, offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched reliques run
[at last.

III.

If then, young Year! thou needs must come 25
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry)
Chuse thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company. 30
Let neither loss of friends, or fame, or liberty,
Nor pining sickness, nor tormenting pain,

Nor ſadneſs, nor uncleanly poverty,
Be ſeen among thy train;
Nor let thy livery be,
Either black Sin or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle Year!
Let not ſo much as Love be there:
Vain fruitleſs Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Altho' I fear
There is of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou doſt make
Such a miſtake:
Such love I mean alone
As by thy cruel predeceſſors has been ſhown;
For tho' I 'ave too much cauſe to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

IV.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And ſeek to antedate our miſery?
Like jealous men why are we longing ſtill
To ſee the thing which only ſeeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is vail'd; for 'twere a ſight
That would even happieſt men affright,
And ſomething ſtill they'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The paſt and preſent joy:
In whatſoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we underſtand not it;

We ſhould grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foreſee,
Undecently and fooliſhly
We ſhould ſtand ſhivering, and but ſlowly venture
The fatal flood to enter:
Since willing or unwilling we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

LIFE.

Naſcentes morimur- MANIL.

I.

We 're ill by theſe grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, groſsly abus'd;
From the maternal tomb
To the grave's fruitful womb
We call here Life; but life 's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we ſcarce ſtay to bait,
We call our Dwelling-place;
We call one ſtep a Race:
But angels in their full-enlighten'd ſtate,
Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be,
Who all the nonſenſe of our language ſee,
Who ſpeak things, and our words their ill-drawn picture ſcorn.
When we by a fooliſh figure ſay,
Behold an old man dead! then they
Speak properly, and cry, Behold a manchild born.

II.

My eyes are open'd, and I fee
Thro' the tranfparent fallacy:
Becaufe we feem wifely to talk
Like men of bufinefs, and for bufinefs walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journies feem to make
O'er fea and land, the little point that has no fpace:
Becaufe we fight, and battles gain,
Some captives call, and fay the reft are flain:
Becaufe we heap up yellow earth, and fo
Rich, valiant, wife, and virtuous feem to grow:
Becaufe we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a pofterity;
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thoufand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That fingle time might to a fum amount;
We grow at laft by cuftom to believe
That really we live;
Whilft all thefe fhadows that for things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in death's fleep we [make.

III.

But thefe fantaftic errors of our dream
Lead us to folid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,

And wiſh uncharitably for them
To be as long a-dying as Methuſalem.
The ripen'd ſoul longs from his pris'n to come,
But we would ſeal and ſew up, if we could, the womb.
We ſeek to cloſe and plaſter up by art
The cracks and breaches of th' extended ſhell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

CHAP. XXXIV. OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

I.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowſy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well,
To what from God I, his loud prophet, tell.
Bid both the poles ſuppreſs their ſtormy noiſe,
And bid the roaring ſea contain its voice.
Be ſtill thou Sea! be ſtill thou Air and Earth!
Still as old Chaos before Motion's birth;
A dreadful hoſt of judgments is gone out,
In ſtrength and number more
Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
To ſcourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

II.

I ſee the ſword of God brandiſh'd above,
And from it ſtreams a diſmal ray;
I ſee the ſcabbard caſt away:
How red, anon, with ſlaughter will it prove!

How will it ſweat and reek in blood!
How will the ſcarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food!
And devour all the mighty feaſt!
Nothing ſoon but bones will reſt.
God does a ſolemn ſacrifice prepare,
But not of oxen nor of rams,
Not of kids nor of their dams,
Not of heifers nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in it the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to ſpare,
The beaſts ſo long have ſacrificed been,
Since men their birthright forfeit ſtill by ſin,
'Tis fit at laſt beaſts their revenge ſhould have,
And ſacrificed men their better brethren ſave.

III.

So will they fall, ſo will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild diſtraction be,
When at the final doom
Nature and Time ſhall both be ſlain,
Shall ſtruggle with death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become;
The wide-ſtretch'd ſcroll of heav'n, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With ſuch deep ſenſe by God's own hand were writ,
Whoſe eloquence, tho' we underſtand not we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together ſhrink
Like parchment in a fire:

Th' exhauſted ſun to th' moon no more ſhall lend,
But truly then headlong into the ſea deſcend:
The glitt'ring hoſt, now in ſuch fair array,
So proud, ſo well appointed, and ſo gay,
Like fearful troops in ſome ſtrong ambuſh ta'en,
Shall ſome fly routed, and ſome fall ſlain,
Thick as ripe fruit or yellow leaves in autumn fall,
With ſuch a violent ſtorm as blows down tree and all.

IV.

And thou, O curſed Land!
Which wilt not ſee the precipice where thou doſt ſtand,
Tho' thou ſtand'ſt juſt upon the brink,
Thou of this poiſon'd bowl the bitter dregs ſhalt drink:
Thy rivers and thy lakes ſhall ſo
With human blood o'erflow,
That they ſhall fetch the ſlaughter'd corpſe away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beaſts and birds to give the fiſh their prey.
The rotting corpſe ſhall ſo infect the air,
Beget ſuch plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead ſhall be ſlain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys ſurveys a ground,
So the deſtroying angel meaſures it round;
So careful and ſo ſtrict he is,
Leſt any nook or corner he ſhould miſs;
He walks about the periſhing nation,
Ruin behind him ſtalks and empty Deſolation.

V.

Then ſhall the market and the pleading-place
Be chok'd with brambles and o'ergrown with graſs:
The ſerpents thro' thy ſtreets ſhall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves ſhall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Tho' no new ills can be foreboded there.
The lion then ſhall to the leopard ſay,
Brother Leopard! come away;
Behold a land which God has giv'n us in prey!
Behold a land from whence we ſee
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!
The brother leopard ſhakes himſelf, and does not ſtay.

VI.

The glutted vultures ſhall expect in vain
New armies to be ſlain;
Shall find at laſt the buſineſs done,
Leave their conſumed quarters, and be gone.
Th' unburied ghoſts ſhall ſadly moan,
The Satyrs laugh to hear them groan:
The evil ſpirits that delight
To dance and revel in the maſk of night,
The moon and ſtars, their ſole ſpectators, ſhall affright:
And if of loſt mankind
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any reliques but remain,
They in the dens ſhall lurk, beaſts in the palaces ſhall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

I.

Is this thy brav'ry, Man! is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures the Creator said were thine;
No creature but might since say man is mine!
In black Egyptian slavery we lie,
And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery
Of tyrant Sin,
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath
In building up the monuments of death.
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above,
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant honey flow;
And ev'n i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

II.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see;
In vain did God to descend hither deign,
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be.

We will not let ourſelves to go,
And with worſe harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs
Ah! leſt at laſt we periſh ſo, [grow;
Think, ſtubborn Man! think of th' Egyptian prince,
(Hard of belief and will, but not ſo hard as thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human pow'r could ſhow;
Think what plagues attend on thee,
Who Moſes' God doſt now refuſe more oft' than Mo-
[ſes he.

III.

" If from ſome God you come," ſaid the proud king,
With half a ſmile and half a frown,
" But what God can to Egypt be unknown?
" What ſign, what powers, what credence, do you
" Behold his ſeal, behold his hand," [bring?"
Cries Moſes, and caſts down th' almighty wand:
Th' almighty wand ſcarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiſcerned birth,
Th' almighty wand a ſerpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threat'ning tail he threw,
Upwards he caſt his threat'ning head,
He gap'd and hiſs'd aloud,
With flaming eyes ſurvey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a baſiliſk, almoſt look'd the aſſembly dead:
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

IV.

Jannes and Jambres ſtopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.

"The God of ſlaves!" ſaid they, "how can he be
"More pow'rful than their maſter's deity?"
And down they caſt their rods,
And mutter'd ſecret ſounds that charm the ſervile gods.
The evil ſpirits their charms obey,
And in a ſubtle cloud they ſnatch the rods away,
And ſerpents in their place the airy jugglers lay:
Serpents in Egypt's monſtrous land
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at th' Old Serpent's firſt command:
And they, too, gap'd, and they, too, hiſs'd,
And they their threat'ning tails did twiſt;
But ſtraight on both the Hebrew-ſerpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'd;
So much was overpow'r'd
By God's miraculous creation
His ſervants Natures ſlightly-wrought and feeble generation.

V.

On the fam'd bank the prophets ſtood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood:
The helpleſs fiſh were found
In their ſtrange current drown'd;
The herbs and trees waſh'd by the mortal tide
About it bluſh'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haſte to ground;
From their vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried:

Nor all thy prieſts, nor thou
Oh, King! couldſt ever ſhow
From whence thy wand'ring Nile begins his courſe;
Of this new Nile thou ſeeſt the ſacred ſource,
And as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed leſt this do ſo.
What plague more juſt could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder ſtains them all.
The kind, inſtructing puniſhment, enjoy;
Whom the Red river cannot mend, the Red ſea ſhall [deſtroy.

VI.

The river yet gave one inſtruction more,
And from the rotting fiſh and unconcocted gore,
Which was but water juſt before,
A loathſome hoſt was quickly made, [country' invade.
That ſcal'd the banks, and with loud noiſe did all the
As Nilus when he quits his ſacred bed,
(But like a friend he viſits all the land
With welcome preſents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erſpread.
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noiſome enemies,
From th' unexhauſted ſource ſtill new recruits ariſe:
Nor does the earth theſe greedy troops ſuffice;
The towns and houſes they poſſeſs,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh nor his gods they fear,
Both their importune croakings hear:

Unfatiate yet, they mount up high'r,
Where never fun-born frog durft to afpire,
And in the filken beds their flimy members place,
A luxury unknown before to all the watry race.

VII.

The water thus her wonders did produce,
But both were to no ufe:
As yet the Sorcerers' mimic power ferv'd for excufe.
Try what the earth will do, faid God, and, lo!
They ftroke the earth a fertile blow,
And all the duft did ftraight to ftir begin,
One would have thought fome fudden wind it had been;
But, lo! 'twas nimble Life was got within!
And all the little fprings did move,
And ev'ry duft did an arm'd vermine prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic gods could neither make or find.
The wretched fhameful foe allow'd no reft
Either to man or beaft;
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themfelves confefs'd
This was God's hand; and 'twas but juft
To punifh thus man's pride, to punifh duft with duft.

VIII.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And fwarming clouds of infects fill the air;
With fullen noife they take their flight,

And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis ſtill beneath them night.
Of harmful flies the nations numberleſs
Compos'd this mighty army's ſpacious boaſt;
Of different manners, different languages,
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And ſome, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And ſome on green, and ſome on flow'ry food,
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various hoſt.
Houſes ſecure not men; the populous ill
Did all the houſes fill:
The country all around,
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle ſound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wiſh'd the plague that was t' enſue.

IX.

From poiſonous ſtars a mortal influence came,
(The mingled malice of their flame)
A ſkilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with juſt hands the ſad compoſure make,
And over all the land did the full vial ſhake.
Thirſt, giddineſs, faintneſs, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and ſhivering ſweats,
On all the cattle, all the beaſts, did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plough;
The crowned victims to the altar led

Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
The generous horſe from the full manger turns his head,
Does his lov'd floods and paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs noſtril pleaſe
With the once-raviſhing ſmell of all his dappled miſtreſſes.
The ſtarving ſheep refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent ſouls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gaſping by them there;
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſhepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

X.

Thus did the beaſts for man's rebellion die,
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a diſeaſe for phyſic did apply.
Warm aſhes from the furnace Moſes took,
The Sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And ſmil'd at th' unaccuſtom'd ſpell
Which no Egyptian rituals tell.
He flings the pregnant aſhes thro' the air,
And ſpeaks a mighty pray'r,
Both which the miniſt'ring winds around all Egypt bear.
As gentle weſtern blaſts, with downy wings
Hatching the tender ſprings,
To th' unborn buds with vital whiſpers ſay,
Ye living Buds why do ye ſtay?
The paſſionate buds break thro' the bark their way;
So wherefoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;

It from the body call'd all ſleeping poiſons out,
And to them added new;
A noiſome ſpring of ſores as thick as leaves did ſprout.

XI.

Heav'n itſelf is angry next;
Woe to man when Heav'n is vex'd;
With ſullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd firſt in an imperfect ſound;
Till Moſes, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected ſignal of his wand,
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged ſquadrons [move,
And fill the ſpacious plains above;
Thro' which the rolling thunder firſt does play,
And opens wide the tempeſt's noiſy way:
And ſtraight a ſtony ſhower
Of monſtrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her ſtormy magazines of the North:
It all the beaſts and men abroad did ſlay,
O'er the defaced corpſe, like monuments, lay;
The houſes and ſtrong-body'd trees it broke,
Nor aſk'd aid from the thunder's ſtroke:
The thunder but for terror thro' it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The diſmal lightnings all around,
Some flying thro' the air, ſome running on the ground,
Some ſwimming o'er the waters' face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place;

One would have thought their dreadful day to have ſeen,
The very hail and rain itſelf had kindled been.

XII.

The infant corn, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcap'd this general maſſacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-ſtor'd Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew;
When, lo! a ſcorching wind from the burnt countries blew,
And endleſs legions with it drew
Of greedy locuſts, who, where'er
With ſounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itſelf had march'd by there.
Whate'er the ſun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful ſoil,
The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole ſummer was their prey,
Till Moſes, with a prayer,
Breath'd forth a violent weſtern wind,
Which all theſe living clouds did headlong bear
(No ſtragglers left behind)
Into the purple ſea, and there beſtow
On the luxurious fiſh a feaſt they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his ſo near.

XIII.

What blindneſs or what darkneſs did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear?
Whate'er but that which now does repreſent
And paint the crime out in the puniſhment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow,
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaim
Privation's empty name,
Thro' ſecret conduits monſtrous ſhapes aroſe,
Such as the ſun's whole force could not oppoſe;
They with a ſolid cloud
All heav'n's eclipſed face did ſhrowd;
Seem'd with large wings ſpread o'er the ſea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos his deformed birth;
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did, at the dreadful ſight, wink and expire,
To th' empyrean ſource all ſtreams of light ſeem'd to retire.
The living men were in their ſtanding houſes buried;
But the long night no ſlumber knows,
But the ſhort death finds no repoſe.
Ten thouſand terrors thro' the darkneſs fled,
And ghoſts complain'd, and ſpirits murmured,
And fancies multiplying ſight
View'd all the ſcenes inviſible of night.

XIV.

Of God's dreadful anger theſe
Were but the firſt light ſkirmiſhes;

The ſhock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harveſt of full-ripen'd ſins.
It was the time when the ſtill moon
Was mounted ſoftly to her noon,
And dewy ſleep, which from Night's ſecret ſprings arose,
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows;
When, lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay,
Whoſe droſs, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the ſun's adulterate ray,
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly
Swift as the journies of the ſight,
Swift as the race of Light,
And with his winged will cuts thro' the yielding ſky;
He paſs'd thro' many a ſtar, and as he paſs'd
Shone (like a ſtar in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their ſphere:
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he ſtopp'd at laſt,
And a mild look of ſacred pity caſt
Down on the ſinful land where he was ſent
T' inflict the tardy puniſhment.
" Ah! yet, ſaid he, yet, ſtubborn King! repent,
" Whilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand,
" Ere the keen ſword of God fill my commanded hand;
" Suffer but yet thyſelf and thine to live;
" Who would, alas! believe
" That it for man, ſaid he,
" So hard to be forgiv'n ſhould be,
" And yet for God ſo eaſy to forgive!"

XV.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his ſhining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackeſt fleece of night,
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the pow'rful light;
Yet wrought ſo fine it hinder'd not his flight,
But thro' the keyholes and the chinks of doors,
And thro' the narroweſt walks of crooked pores,
He paſs'd more ſwift and free
Than in wide air the wanton ſwallows flee:
He took a pointed peſtilence in his hand,
The ſpirits of thouſand mortal poiſons made
The ſtrongly-temper'd blade,
The ſharpeſt ſword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to ſcourge a wicked land:
Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the ſacred firſt-born ſtrook
Of every womb; none did he ſpare;
None, from the meaneſt beaſt to Cenchre's purple heir.

XVI.

The ſwift approach of endleſs night
Breaks ope the wounded ſleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the reſt with dying cries,
And darkneſs doubles the affright.
The mixed ſounds of ſcatter'd deaths they hear,
And loſe their parted ſouls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the ſhrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confuſed noiſe;

As brighter lightning cuts a way,
Clear, and diſtinguiſh'd thro' the day:
With leſs complaints the Zoan temples ſound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true mark'd ſucceſſor to be found:
WhilſtHealth, and Strength,and Gladneſs does poſſeſs
The feſtal Hebrew cottages;
The bleſs'd deſtroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the ſacred cheer,
That new begins their well-reformed year.
Upon their doors he read and underſtood
God's protection writ in blood;
Well was he ſkill'd i' th' character divine,
And tho' he paſs'd by it in haſte,
He bow'd and worſhipp'd as he paſs'd
The mighty myſtery thro' its humble ſign.

XVII.

The ſword ſtrikes now too deep and near.
Longer with its edge to play,
No diligence or coſt they ſpare
To haſte the Hebrews now away,
Pharaoh himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is Fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to Fear we owe,
Is but like fire ſtruck out of ſtone,
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce outlives the blow.
Sorrow and fear ſoon quit the tyrant's breaſt;
Rage and revenge their place poſſeſs'd:

With a vaſt hoſt of chariots and of horſe,
And all his pow'rful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he purſues;
Ten times o'ercome, he ſtill th' unequal war renews.
Fill'd with proud hopes, " At leaſt," ſaid he,
" The Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,
" Will now revenge themſelves and me;
" Behold what paſsleſs rocks on either hand,
" Like priſon walls, about them ſtand!
" Whilſt the ſea bounds their flight before,
" And in our injur'd juſtice they muſt find
" A far worſe ſtop than rocks and ſeas behind;
" Which ſhall with crimſon gore
" New paint the water's name, and double dye the [ſhore."

XVIII.

He ſpoke; and all his hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts th' unhappy boaſt;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring ſea.
No means t' eſcape the faithleſs travellers ſpy,
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten liberty:
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a path hid yet from human ſight:
He ſtrikes the raging waves, the waves on either ſide
Unlooſe their cloſe embraces, and divide,
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhow
The crowding people do,

(Tho' juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)
To let the admired triumph paſs between.
The wond'ring army ſaw, on either hand,
The no leſs wond'ring waves like rocks of cryſtal ſtand.
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The ſecret paths of God:
And here and there, all ſcatter'd in their way,
The ſea's old ſpoils and gaping fiſhes lay
Deſerted on the ſandy plain :
The ſun did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt chambers of the open'd main,
For whatſoe'er of old
By his own prieſts, the poets, has been ſaid,
He never ſunk till then into the Ocean's bed.

XIX.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain flame,
To th' other ſhore at morning-dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th' unguided foe
March diſorderly and ſlow:
The prophet ſtraight from th' Idumean ſtrand
Shakes his imperious wand;
The upper waves, that higheſt crowded lie,
The beck'ning wand eſpy:
Straight their firſt right-hand files begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word March to all behind;
The left-hand ſquadrons no leſs ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noiſe,
Anſwer their diſtant fellows' voice,

And haſte to meet them make,
As ſeveral troops do all at once a common ſignal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
Which on the Chamian army fell,
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring main
Broke looſe from his inviſible chain?
They ſaw the monſtrous death and watry war,
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar:
In vain ſome backward and ſome forewards fly
With helpleſs haſte; in vain they cry
To their celeſtial beaſts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid,
In vain on Moſes he, and Moſes' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They're compaſs'd round with a devouring fate
That draws, like a ſtrong net, the mighty ſea upon
them all.

ANACREONTICS:

OR, SOME COPIES OF VERSES

tranſlated paraphraſtically

OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

I'LL ſing of heroes, and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muſe! but, lo! the ſtrings
To my great ſong rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing, ſure, will do.
Theſe, ſure, ſaid I, will me obey;
Theſe, ſure, heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thund'ring Jove,
And all th' immortal powers but Love:
Love ſmil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting love, ſoft deſire.
Farewell, then, heroes, farewell kings,
And mighty numbers, mighty things;
Love tunes my heart juſt to my ſtrings.

II. DRINKING.

THE thirſty earth ſoaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.

The plants ſuck in the earth, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The ſea itſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thouſand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The buſy ſun (and one would gueſs
By 's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the ſea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and ſtars drink up the ſun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glaſſes there, for why
Should ev'ry creature drink but I;
Why, men of morals, tell we why?

III. BEAUTY.

Liberal Nature did diſpenſe
To all things arms for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſin'wy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
And ſome with horns, or tuſked jaws;
And ſome with ſcales, and ſome with wings,
And ſome with teeth, and ſome with ſtings:

Wiſdom to man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for ſhield, and wit for ſword:
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has ſhe aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What ſteel, what gold, or diamond,
More impaſſible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart,
Like porcupines, from ev'ry part.
Who can, alas! their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-à-pe with nakedneſs?

IV. THE DUEL.

Yes, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now Love's rebel prove;
Tho' I was once his enemy;
Tho' ill adviſ'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, ſpear, and mighty ſhield,
Like ſome new Ajax I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did ſhake:
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow:

So well my armour did reſiſt,
So oft' by flight the blow I miſs'd :
But when I thought all danger paſt,
His quiver empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of arrow or of dart,
He ſhot himſelf into my heart :
The living and the killing arrow
Ran thro' the ſkin, the fleſh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and ſcorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withſtood.
In vain I now the walls maintain,
I ſet out guards and ſcouts in vain,
Since th' en'my does within remain :
In vain a breaſtplate now I wear,
Since in my breaſt the foe I bear :
In vain my feet their ſwiftneſs try,
For from the body can they fly ?

V. AGE.

Oft' am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'ſt old ;
Look how thy hairs are falling all ;
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know :
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old :

'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt ſtake.

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

When all the ſtars are by thee told,
(The endleſs ſums of heav'nly gold)
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From ſickly Autumn's head that fall,
Or when the drops that make the ſea,
Whilſt all her ſands thy counters be,
Thou then, and thou alone, muſt prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens ſcore,
At Corinth write an hundred more;
Fair Corinth does ſuch beauties bear,
So few is an eſcaping there.
Write then at Chios ſeventy-three,
Write then at Leſbos (let me ſee)
Write me at Leſbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one:
And next to theſe let me preſent
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively:
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I am ſure, complete:

For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And ev'ry eye's an archer there.
Go on, this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a ſum?
Why, many thouſands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boaſt
Such different nations in his hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better ſecretary.
I have not yet my Perſian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian nor Arabian,
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African,
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names,
Of gentle loves i' th' Temperate Zone,
And cold ones in the Frigid one,
Cold frozen loves with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miſs:
But of all pain the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is underſtood;

Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A curſe on her, and on the man,
Who this traffic firſt began!
A curſe on him who found the ore!
A curſe on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A curſe on him who did refine it!
A curſe on him who firſt did coin it!
A curſe, all curſes elſe above,
On him who us'd it firſt in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendſhip ſeparate,
Gold does Civil wars create:
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII. THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with roſy wine,
Around our temples roſes twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roſes ſmile:
Crown'd with roſes, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here:
Let us treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay:

Let us banifh bufinefs, banifh forrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle fhade,
On flow'ry beds fupinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it rofes growing,
What fhould I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly ftate,
Love himfelf fhall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up,
And mingled caft into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay defires.
The wheel of life no lefs will ftay
In a fmooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleafant be.
Why do we precious ointments fhow'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flow'rs why do we fpread,
Upon the mon'ments of the dead?
Nothing they but duft can fhow,
Or bones that haften to be fo.
Crown me with rofes whilft I live,
Now your wines and ointments give:

After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleaſures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

X. THE GRASHOPPER.

HAPPY Inſect! what can be
In happineſs compar'd to thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou doſt tread,
Nature's ſelf is thy Ganymede.
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing,
Happier than the happieſt king!
All the fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that ſummer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does ſow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou doſt innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury deſtroy.
The ſhepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!

Thee Phœbus loves, and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy ſire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Inſect! happy thou,
Doſt neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wiſe withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy ſummer-feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs reſt.

XI. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater! what doſt thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneleſs ſerenade?
Well it had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcover'd neſt
Thou doſt all the winter reſt,
And dreameſt o'er thy ſummer-joys
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſon's noiſe;
Free from th' ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out thee?
Hadſt thou all the charming notes
Of the woods' poetic throats,

All thy art could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'en from me away.
Cruel Bird! thou'ſt ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream that ne'er muſt equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may ſee:
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Tho' men ſay thou bring'ſt the ſpring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

How ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt ſervant, and my friend?
Nay, and if from a deity
So much deify'd as I,
It ſound not too profane and odd,
Oh! my Maſter, and my God!
For 'tis true, moſt mighty Poet!
(Tho' I like not men ſhould know it)
I am in naked Nature leſs,
Leſs by much than in thy dreſs.
All thy verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or ſparrows:

Sweet as lovers' freſheſt kiſſes,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound,
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy ſtyle:
The ſmooth-pac'd hours of ev'ry day
Glided num'rouſly away;
Like thy verſe each hour did paſs,
Sweet and ſhort, like that it was.
 Some do but their youth allow me,
Juſt what they by Nature owe me,
The time that 's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown;
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too buſy or too wiſe for me.
Thou wert wiſer, and didſt know
None too wiſe for love can grow.
Love was with thy life entwin'd
Cloſe as heat with fire is join'd;
A pow'rful brand preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperiſtaſis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy ſilver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
 Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,

Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures ſhould be all like thee;
'Tis thou ſhouldſt their idea be.
They, like thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſineſs, honour, title, ſtate;
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my living mines beſtow:
The pomp of kings they ſhould confeſs
At their crownings to be leſs
Than a lover's humbleſt guiſe,
When at his miſtreſs' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than men ſafe-landed do the wind.
Wiſdom itſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be ſevere.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor aſk what parents it can ſhew;
With dead or old it has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet all, or any,
But very much, and very many.
All their life ſhould gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
Well rememb'ring and applying
The neceſſity of dying.
Their cheerful heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flow'ry year.

They ſhould always laugh and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As ſwiftly anſw'ring their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand:
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy ſake
I of the Grape no mention make.
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Curſed Plant! I lov'd thee well,
And 'twas oft' my wanton uſe
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Curſed Plant! 'tis true I ſee
Th' old report that goes of thee,
That with giants' blood the earth
Stain'd and poiſon'd gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpight
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his tigers he delights;
In all our heav'n I think there be
No ſuch ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendeſt, trait'rous Wine!
To be the Muſes' friend and mine:

With love and wit thou doſt begin,
Falſe fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to madneſs or to ſleep :
Sleep were well; thou haſt learn'd a way
To death itſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what fate
Does on the beſt of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm againſt Death's ſmalleſt dart
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life in its decline
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to 'em then,
As wine is aconite to men :
Nay, in Death's hand the Grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong as thunder is in Jove's.

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